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FEATURE STORY

FOUR TEN DOLLAR BILLS

BY HENRY G. HOWLAND

"A CHALLENGE TO POWER," a Detective Story, will appear in No. 89

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FOUR TEN-DOLLAR BILLS

By HENRY G. HOWLAND

CHAPTER ONE

"MR. CORNWALL, Mr. Rifflington. Shake hands, gentlemen, but don't stop to talk, for the music has begun, and you, Mr. Rifflington, must help Mr. Cornwall to a partner for the next dance."

Miss Flora Keresy, "fat, fair and forty," glided away among the throng of evening dress-suits and creamy white dresses which filled the spacious parlors of the Keresy mansion, on Fifth avenue, New York, upon a certain evening in October.

Flora Keresy was one of those delightful maiden ladies who, in all public assemblages, is even the friend of the bashful and the shy. Inwardly Harold Cornwall blessed her, for the fact of his being a young gentleman of twenty-two years, with no ties and almost unlimited means, did not guarantee him the faculty of making himself agreeable to the ladies.

With men, young or old, Harold got along splendidly. He was a crack shot, a splendid horseman and an excellent billiard player, member of automobile and boat clubs, and, indeed, had exhausted all the enjoyment to be found in each and every one of them, but in female society he lamentably failed.

"Excuse me, Mr. Rifflington, I think I don't care to dance," he stammered. "I—I only came to-night out of compliment to a friend, who has not appeared. If he does not come soon I think I'll leave, and——"

"Ah, bashful, eh?" smiled Mr. Rifflington. "I'm

well acquainted in this house, Mr. Cornwall. I can introduce you to half the ladies present."

"Don't, please. It is too warm."

"Really, I thought it was quite cool this evening," laughed Mr. Rifflington, himself a trim, good-looking fellow of not over twenty-five.

"I find it warm. I think I must go."

"Which way do you go?"

"I shall walk down Fifth avenue as far as Twenty-third street. I may try a game of billiards at Atwood's. The fact is I am not much on the ladies, Mr. Rifflington, and I want to get out."

"Nor do I care to stay," replied Rifflington good-naturedly. "Flora is an old friend of mine, and I just looked in to oblige her. By your leave, Mr. Cornwall, I'll accompany you. A stroll down the avenue behind a good cigar will suit me infinitely better than a scene like this."

Thus it happened that Harold Cornwall found himself crossing Madison Square in company with his new acquaintance on that particular October evening at a little after nine o'clock. By this time he had quite recovered his equanimity, and as Mr. Rifflington proved to be a chatty, pleasant sort of fellow, they were soon talking like old friends.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but could you lend a poor devil one cent?"

A hoarse voice made the request; a ragged, filthy tramp with a bloated countenance had suddenly thrust himself upon them, coming so close to Harold that the young man drew away in disgust.

"No," he said shortly, continuing his conversation with his companion.

"I'm very hard up," persisted the tramp. "Been out of work and in the hospital. Gentleman, I'm hungry; don't refuse me—only one cent."

"I tell you no. Get out!" cried Harold, angrily. "Don't bother me again."

The man fell back instantly with an expression of abject despair written all over his face.

"Do you know I always pity those fellows," remarked Rifflington. "I'd have given him a nickel, only I didn't like to do it after you refused."

"I don't pity them a bit. Let them work and earn their money."

"All very well for a rich fellow like you to say that," replied Rifflington, shrugging his shoulders. "Your father left you a fortune, Mr. Cornwall. You never did a day's work in your life, and haven't the faintest idea how hard that man's lot really is."

Harold flushed angrily.

"You seem to be pretty well acquainted with my affairs, it seems."

"Pardon me if I was too frank. Yes, I have heard all about you. I am one of those chaps who know nearly everybody of any account."

"But I never met you before to-night."

"Nevertheless I have seen you many times. Your father was a Wall street banker. He left you a million. Well, it is not to be expected that you should feel for a wretched tramp like that."

"But the fellow would drink up anything I gave him."

"Very likely," replied Rifflington, quietly. "Do you never drink?"

Harold blushed.

"I sometimes drink wine," he answered, "but surely you would not think of comparing me with a person like that."

"By no means, my dear fellow, but——"

"But what?"

"You can't tell. Perhaps that tramp was once a gentleman. Perhaps he began with a glass of wine; perhaps if he only had a helping hand extended to him he would become a man again."

"Do you really think so?"

"No. I only said perhaps."

"There is not one chance in ten that he wants to reform."

"Not one in a thousand. Still I say perhaps."

"I'll go back and give him ten dollars if you say so," exclaimed Harold hotly, anxious to silence his companion somehow.

"Nonsense. If you want to do anything like that you can have a dozen chances in as many minutes, and that reminds me of an experiment I seriously think of trying if I ever get rich myself."

"What is it? Out with your scheme. I've got more money than I know what to do with, and don't want you to think for a moment that I am uncharitable. If it would do any good——"

"Oh, but I don't know that it would. It might, however, lead you into some odd adventures."

"I'm just dying for adventures. I've seen New York inside and out, by day and by night. There is nothing left for me to see."

"Nonsense. You've seen nothing. A rich felfowl like you never sees New York as a poor man sees it."

"What do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say. How have you seen the by-ways of this great city?"

"Why, I went around with a ward detective in a taxi three nights running. We visited——"

"All the dives, concert saloons, and so on," interrupted Rifflington, with a short laugh. "Good enough as far as it goes, and on your exploring tour I suppose you passed hundreds of dwelling houses."

"Of course."

"Any idea what was going on in one of them?"

"Certainly not."

"There you have it. You don't know the ins and outs of this great city. No one can ever know them; even the police and the detectives don't know them. Why, I am—but no matter. Shall I tell you my scheme?"

"I wish you would."

"Then here it is. Disguise yourself slightly by putting your jewelry out of sight and dressing like an ordinary clerk."

"That's easily done."

"Hold on; hear me out. Take, say four ten-dollar bills, and on four separate evenings stroll down the Bowery and stop the first tramp you meet, make him a present of a ten-dollar bill, and then follow him to see what he does with his unexpectedly found fortune. If that don't lead you into adventure, I'll eat my head!"

"Good! Splendid idea! The very thing!" exclaimed Harold. "I declare I'll do it, only——"

"Only what?"

"A fellow might get into some serious scrape. If I only knew a detective who was a gentleman to go along."

"What do you say to me, if you're really in earnest?"

"Would you go?"

"Of course. Isn't it my own scheme?"

"But you aren't a detective."

"Oh, I guess I'll do. I'm pretty well posted," laughed Rifflington.

"Suppose we try it to-night?"

"I'm willing, if you'll agree to one thing."

"What's that?"

"You are to put yourself entirely in my hands. Raise no objections to anything, do precisely as I say."

"Agreed."

"When shall we start?"

"To-night if you say so."

"Very good. Fortunately my evenings are unoccupied just at present. Remember we are to follow our tramp everywhere, no matter where he may lead us. If by morning, however, he has not spent the ten-dollar bill we drop him and begin again the following night."

Precisely at ten o'clock, Harold Cornwall, still in company with his new friend, emerged from a shabby-looking house on Tenth street near Third avenue.

Both were attired in cheap, ready-made suits, well worn derby hats and shoes a good deal the worse for wear.

Already two things had occurred which struck Harold as decidedly odd. First, he was surprised to find so elegant a person as Mr. Rifflington having a room in the shabby house in Tenth street. Second, he was still more surprised when Mr. Rifflington produced from a closet the very articles of clothing necessary for their proposed adventures, and to see him stuff into all sorts of curiously concealed pockets in his own suit sundry wigs and beards.

"We may need to disguise a little more before we get through," he said.

True to his promise, Harold asked no questions, but followed Mr. Rifflington out of the house.

"We must have some cigars," said the latter, as they turned into the avenue.

"I have my case," answered Harold.

"No, no, that will never do. Twenty-five cent regalias! Why, the first puff of smoke would give us away. What we want are five-centers. If you can't smoke them, you can at least make the pretense."

They turned in behind the first wooden Indian they came to, and Harold invested fifty cents with a bright, black-eyed girl, who nodded familiarly to Mr. Rifflington, just as though she knew him.

They had but just entered the Bowery. In fact, they had not yet reached Fourth street, and were strolling along slowly on the easterly side of the way. On their left was a huge concert hall and lager beer garden, with a brass band at the back in full operation. Leaning against a post at the curb, right in front of the saloon, stood a man of perhaps thirty years, dressed in a baggy, ill-fitting garment of a decidedly English cut, but dirty and torn. His hat was a derby, all battered out of shape; his linen was absolutely filthy, and his face wore a stubby beard of a week's growth at least.

"Let's size him up," whispered Rifflington, drawing Harold aside in the shadow of the nearest doorway. "Now, isn't he an interesting specimen? What do you make of him? Study him carefully, and let me know what you think he is or has been in the past."

"He's either German or French," said Harold.

"That man has not been long in New York. He has recently come from Europe."

"How do you know?"

"By the 'cut of his jib," as the sailors say. His clothes show it."

"But of course he must be miserably poor."

"It don't follow. One thing is certain. The man has been on a prolonged spree. See, he is trembling like a leaf. His face is swelled to twice its proper size. Why, he is on the verge of delirium tremens, but I'll bet he hasn't got a solitary cent."

"Why?"

"If he had he'd go and get full of liquor. Just now he is what may be termed horribly sober."

"The chances are then that my ten-dollar bill will go to the nearest gin-mill in spite of prohibition.

"That law had just gone into effect when this story was written, and saloons, etc., were in most cases, wide open.

"Certainly."

"Suppose we look for some one else."

"Nonsense. He's as good a subject as we can possibly hope to find. Now's your time. Walk right up to him and give him the bill."

Harold left the doorway and walked straight up to the tramp.

"Good-evening," he said civilly.

The man started and eyed him suspiciously.

"What do you want?" he growled, speaking with the faintest trace of a foreign accent.

"To do you some good, I hope," replied Harold. "I see you are hard up——"

"Mind your own business. Who told you I was hard up?"

"One moment," said Harold, putting his hand into his vest pocket, where he had the ten-dollar

bill all ready. "I don't want to offend you, my friend, but—there, take that, it is yours."

He thrust the bill into the fellow's hand, turned on his heel, and hurried down the street as agreed upon with Rifflington, without even looking around.

"After you give the tramp the bill, get right out. I'll watch him, and meet you at the corner."

Such had been the understanding when they left the Tenth street house.

In a moment Rifflington joined him.

"By thunder, you never saw a fellow so astonished in all your born days!" he whispered. "You ought to have seen him. First I thought he was going to hit you; then he started forward as if to run after you, but before he had gone two steps he drew back again, grabbed the post, and for a minute I thought he was going to faint. Then he started straight across the Bowery, and there he is now going down the other side of the way as fast as he can travel. Quick! We must keep our eye on him, or he'll be out of sight."

It was a beautiful night, and the Bowery was thronged. So dense was the crowd that there seemed little danger of Harold's being recognized by the foreigner, even if he happened to look behind him.

Our friends struck across the street diagonally and soon overtook the man, who showed not the least disposition to turn his head.

"He's in a fearful hurry, at all events," panted Harold.

"Did he speak good English?"

"As good as yours or mine, but with a slight foreign accent."

"Probably he has been in New York before then—— Hello! There he goes. I told you so. He's after his first drink."

The stranger had shot down the steps of a basement saloon, which bore the sign, "Fritz Jagau, Importer of Wines."

"Your tramp is a gentleman!"

"Why so?"

"He is used to good liquor, and being in funds, will have nothing else."

"Why, he can't expect to get anything good down there, can he?"

"Indeed, he can. Jagau's place is noted for its good stuff."

"You seem to know the Bowery," remarked Harold, suspiciously.

"I do. Stand on the corner. I'll join you presently. I'm going down into Jagau's to find out what our man is about.."

He hurried off, but soon returned.

"Well, what was he doing?" demanded Harold a few minutes later, when Rifflington came hurrying to his side.

"Just as I told you. Drinking brandy at twenty-five cents a glass."

"That's the end of my ten-dollar bill, then."

"I don't believe it. That fellow has got business on hand. I know it by his face."

"A poor way to begin then, filling himself full of brandy."

"There is ignorance!" cried Rifflington, "and may you ever remain in ignorance of the sufferings of a drunkard! Before that man can even think he's got to have something to take the place of the brains he has destroyed by drinking. Why, a barrelful wouldn't make him drunk!"

"Did he drink more than once?"

"He was on his second when I left. He's no stranger in New York, that's sure, for he knew just where to go. An ordinary tramp would have steered straight for a beer saloon, but he—— Hush! Be ready now. Here comes our man. Now for the adventure of the first ten-dollar bill!"

Harold turned his eyes in the direction of the saloon. Sure enough, there was the cross-eyed man just coming up the steps.

CHAPTER TWO

THE stranger walked straight ahead, not with a shuffling gait as before, but with the firm tread of a man who has some definite purpose in view.

Upon reaching the nearest elevated railroad station he took the cars. Rifflington and Harold mounted the stairs after him and took seats in the car behind him near the door, where they could easily watch him when he started to leave the train.

"The fellow is certainly up to something," said the latter.

"You may be certain of it, and I'll bet you that he's a crook."

"Look! He's going to get out!" whispered Harold, as the train pulled up at the 48th street station.

"All right, my boy, we're ready for him. Give him a start and we'll follow close behind."

In a moment they were walking along Third avenue, with the tramp moving briskly ahead. He crossed 49th street, glancing up at the name on the lamp-post, and a little later entered a large saloon about midway in the next block.

Drawing Harold into the shadow of a doorway, Riffington produced one of his wigs, which he clapped on his head with great dexterity. A red beard did the rest, and he stood before his companion a transformed man.

"You seem to understand that sort of business," said Harold suspiciously.

"I ought to. I've been in it long enough."

"Are you an actor?"

"No matter what I am. Stay where you are. I'll be back presently with my report."

He was back in less than five minutes.

"Bought a sheet of note paper and an envelope of the bartender, and began to write. I managed to look over his shoulder, but a lot of good it did me, for he was writing in French."

"Pshaw! I could have read it."

"Yes, but you weren't there, you see. Now who do you suppose he addressed the letter to?"

"Give it up."

"Your tramp has written to Mrs. Marston Manners, one of the society queens of New York."

"Why, it's impossible! Mrs. Manners is one of the richest widows in the city; lives on Fifth avenue, and——"

"Hold on! How did Mrs. Manners get her money?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Nor any one else, either, let me tell you. Mrs. Manners suddenly blossomed out into a rich society woman about ten years ago, coming from no one knew where. She's not an American, nor is she English, as the name would seem to imply. Some say she is French and was at one time mixed up with all sorts of disgraceful people in Paris, but—— Hello! there he goes. Now for another chase."

"Perhaps he's only going to post the letter," suggested Harold as Riffilington hastily pulled off his wig and beard and pocketed them.

"But no. The man apparently had no such intention, for he passed several letter boxes, finally turning into Fifty-fifth street and moving toward Fifth avenue.

"Where does Mrs. Manners live?" asked Rifflington dryly as they followed on.

"Fifth avenue, corner of Fifty-fifth street."

When he reached the corner of Fifth avenue the tramp paused. Opposite stood the handsome residence of Mrs. Manners, all ablaze with light.

Through the partly open window the sound of music was wafted out upon the still night air, and through the delicate meshes of the lace curtains flitting figures could be seen, moving to and fro. Evidently a ball was in progress within. The hesitation of the tramp was but momentary. Shooting one keen glance up at the house, he glided across the street and boldly ascended the steps.

"Great Scott! He can't expect to be received there!" whispered Harold.

"Draw back into the shadow of this wall, and we'll see how it comes out," answered Rifflington. "There's something coming of this adventure, you may depend."

They saw the door of the Manners mansion opened in response to the tramp's pull at the bell. Then came a brief parley with the butler, and the note was handed in. Immediately the tramp crossed the street and took up his station against a railing in front of the house opposite.

"He expects an answer," said Harold.

"Sure!" replied Rifflington, "and it's my opinion he won't have to wait long before he gets in."

Rifflington was right. In less than five minutes a servant was seen to leave the house by the basement door. Gliding across the street, the man started carelessly up the avenue on the opposite side. As he passed the tramp he slipped a note into his hand, which was instantly read beneath a neighboring electric light, after which the tramp turned and ran along Fifty-fifth street in the direction of Sixth avenue.

"What do you think of that?" demanded Rifflington as they started after him.

"It's a puzzler. I wonder where he'll lead us to next?"

It was the nearest elevated railway station on the Sixth avenue line, where the tramp boarded a downtown train. Still following, the friends found that they had a long ride before them. Station after station was called, but still the tramp had not left the train.

"Rector street!" shouted the brakeman at last.

"There he goes!" whispered Rifflington. "By George! I thought he was going to take us to Brooklyn. Now what, I wonder?"

They hurried down the steps, reaching the ground just in time to see the tramp going down toward Greenwich street.

Here he turned to the left and disappeared inside the door of a shabby emigrant hotel.

"We've got to go in there," said Rifflington quickly. "You shall go, too. Here, slide into this alley. Now, then, there's a wig for you and there's a mustache. On with them. Bother, that isn't the way. Let me show you. Now, then, you're another man."

And so was Rifflington. In a moment both had completely transformed themselves. They now carelessly entered the saloon on the ground floor of the hotel, and, taking seats at an out-of-the-way table, called for beer.

"Where is he?" whispered Harold. "I don't see him."

"There—over in that corner. Evidently he is waiting for somebody. I wish we could get nearer. I didn't see him at first."

"That's easy. There's a table vacant right alongside of him."

The transfer was scarcely made when a thick-set, rough-looking German, bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves, entered from an inner door. Evidently he was the proprietor of the place, and Harold did not fail to observe that at the sight of him the tramp gave a quick start. The German walked straight up to the table and said in a low voice:

"Vell, haf you got troo mit your spree, Mister Hirsch?"

"Yes; and I want my trunk," replied the tramp sulkily.

He threw down bills upon the table which the German carefully counted, and then producing a key handed it to the tramp.

"I only want to get something out of it to-night. I'll send around for the trunk in the morning," the fellow said. "Where is it?"

"Behind de bar. You vant to tage it avay to-morrer, sure, und don'd you come here no more."

The tramp growled out a reply, rose and followed the German behind the bar. Presently he

reappeared carrying a small glass jar which Rifflington and Harold could see contained pickled cucumbers.

"Have you got a piece of paper you could give a feller?" he asked.

The paper was bestowed grumblingly, the jar wrapped up, and the tramp hastily passed out of the door.

"Come!" whispered Rifflington, "we must be off again. A jar of pickles! The mystery deepens. A jar of pickles. Well, well!"

"How do you account for all that money, then?"

"Why, Mrs. Marston Manners gave it to him, of course."

"I can't believe it. I know Mrs. Manners well. She is a perfect lady."

"What did I tell you? I've long had my eye on Mrs. Marston Manners, and I have my theory. You've lost one ten-dollar bill to-night, and I'll bet you that the tramp takes those pickles straight up to Mrs. Manners' house."

At this moment the man was seen to ascend the steps of the elevated road, and our two friends followed right after him.

Sure enough he left the train at Fifty-third street, and, crossing to Fifth avenue, was soon in front of Mrs. Marston Manners' house, just as Rifflington had prophesied. It was now almost two o'clock in the morning, and the guests of the ball were taking their leave. Still hugging his jar of pickles, the tramp walked slowly up and down Fifty-fifth street, occasionally shooting a glance around the corner where the number of the shouting taxi men were momentarily growing less.

Meanwhile Rifflington had stationed Harold in the shadow of the wall on the opposite corner, where they had first observed the movements of the tramp, and excusing himself hurried away down the avenue, leaving Harold to wonder if he meant to return. He was soon back again, however, and took up his station by Harold's side.

Just as the carriage rolled away from the door of the Manners mansion every light was suddenly extinguished, and the whole front of the house grew dark. By this time the tramp had reached the corner, and peering around, seemed to take in the situation at a glance, for our watchers could hear him give a satisfied grunt, whereupon he moved back a little and took up his stand on Fifty-fifth street directly under the side windows of the house.

"Watch! Watch!" whispered Rifflington excitedly. "Something's going to happen."

At the same instant a low whistle was heard. The tramp was on the alert at once. Looking vainly up and down and seeing no one, he undid the paper and proceeded to open the jar. This being accomplished, he took out a huge pickle and dexterously tossed it up at the window.

The pickle did not come down again. On the contrary another followed it, then another and still another, until there remained but one more pickle in the jar. That they had all entered the window was beyond doubt.

He was just in the act of drawing the last one out to throw it through the window after the rest, when all at once Harold saw a man rise up out of the gutter behind him and fling his arms around his waist, while the jar falling to the sidewalk was shivered into a thousand pieces, the still air resounding with the crash.

"Great Cæsar! where did that man spring from?" whispered Harold. "Hadn't we better light out if there's going to be a row?"

But Rifflington was already half across the street.

"Come on!" he called. "It's all right."

But it was evidently all wrong for the tramp, for he now lay prostrate upon the pavement, struggling with his antagonist who, when Harold reached the scene, was in the act of snapping a pair of handcuffs about his wrists.

"Got him, John?" cried Rifflington.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, rising coolly.

"Let me go, will yer? What do you want me for, anyhow?" growled the tramp, shifting his gaze from Rifflington to Harold, and then back to Rifflington again.

"I know you now!" he almost shouted, fixing his gaze on Harold. "You are the fellow who gave me the ten-dollar bill on the Bowery. I might have knowed it was a frame-up!"

Instead of answering or giving Harold time to answer, Rifflington seized the man by the arm and pulled him around the corner.

"Where's the pickle, officer?" he asked.

"Here, sir," replied the officer, producing a huge cucumber.

The tramp fairly gnashed his teeth with rage, and tried to strike at Rifflington with his manacled hands.

"Look out there, or I'll give you some lead pills that will make you sick," chuckled Rifflington, at the same time dealing the fellow a resounding slap across the side of the head.

"Harry, my boy, be good enough to take that pickle and break it," he said. "Easy now, get under the electric light and look sharp, or—hello! What have you found?"

"Diamonds! Half a dozen of them!" exclaimed Harold in utter amazement, for there lying snugly inside the pickle as he came to break it, were a number of glittering stones.

Rifflington gave a grunt of satisfaction which the tramp echoed by a dismal groan.

"How in the world did you guess it?" asked Harold, to whom the whole thing was becoming more and more mysterious.

"Guess it! Why, it's my business to guess such secrets as these. Officer, take this man to the station. He's a noted diamond smuggler who has long been wanted. I recognized him from his picture in the Rogues' Gallery as the famous

Hugo Hirsch. I've got business here, but I'll follow very soon."

"Your business—what the mischief is your business!" cried Harold, the instant he could get in a word.

The officer laughed. Rifflington almost roared.

"Shall I tell him, sir?" asked the former.

"If you like."

"That's Quinn, the detective," said the officer. "You've heard of him, I s'pose? Now, then, young fellow, get a move on you. We must be off." This last to the tramp.

The next moment and Cornwall and his companion found themselves alone.

"Are you really Quinn?" he questioned.

"Of course! I intended to tell you before we wound up to-night. But come, we've got to make a call on Mrs. Marston Manners and inquire the price of pickles—pickles that are worth their weight in diamonds! I've had a fine streak of luck out of the adventure of your first ten-dollar bill!"

And when they finished with the society lady she was lodged in jail with her partner in crime charged with diamond smuggling.

CHAPTER THREE

ON the following night the detective met Harold by appointment in the foyer of the Waldorf Astoria, and they went down East 34th street. The light of a street lamp fell upon the features of a youth in shabby clothing who was shuffling past them with his hands in his pockets.

"Stop," whispered Rifflington, clutching his companion's arm.

"What's the matter?" demanded Harold.

"That fellow's face is familiar; I think he is Billy Ring. He and his sister, Jennie, are the adopted children of a notorious counterfeiter named Martin Brocklehurst. Try a bill on him.

Harold nodded and overtook the youth.

"I'm a philanthropist," he said awkwardly. "You do not look very prosperous; could you make good use of a ten-spot?" He handed the bill to the young man, who grinned.

"Of course I can," he chuckled. "Thanks, old top; I hope you ain't affected in the bean giving money away like this?"

"I only want to do good for my fellow-men," said Harold.

"A nut, as sure as I'm born," thought the youth, and touching his cap to Cornwall he slunk along.

Harold and Joe shadowed him home.

The two adventurers watched the house.

In half an hour a patrol wagon filled with policeman drove up and attacked the door with axes and crowbars. As the door crashed down and they rushed in, there were pistol shots, yells and curses. Then a window went open and Billy Ring leaped out, bleeding from a wound.

"The Secret Service men are raiding Brocklehurst's," commented Joe, "and here is our young loafer."

Just then a beautiful girl, pale and terrified, ran out and, clasping Billy in her arms, wept hysterically.

"Gee, what a beauty," muttered Harold.

"She's Jennie Ring, the sister of the wounded man."

"A crook?"

"No; neither is the boy. But they'll be taken to the cooler for living with Martin and will be accused as accessories, although I'd take an oath they are not criminals."

"Then it would be heartlessness on our part to let the cops take them if we can prevent it."

"What can we do about it?"

"I'll take charge of them for to-night. I've taken a violent fancy to that girl."

Harold hurried over to the curb and hailed a taxi, then ran back to the girl.

"I'll help you to get away with him, miss," he said. "We'll put him in the taxi. Help me, please."

The girl stared at him in astonishment, but there was something in his kindly manner that reassured her.

"Thank you," she said gratefully.

"I'll see you to-morrow night, Joe," Harold called to his friend as they drove off in the taxicab.

During that ride the girl confided her pitiful story to him, saying that Brocklehurst had once in a fit of rage declared that he had stolen Jennie and her brother during their childhood from an enemy of his. But he had always refused to tell who their real parents were. Harold put his proteges in a boarding house in Jersey, and when he left Jennie he felt that for the first time in his life he had experienced the sensation of love.

True to his promise, Harold went downtown on the following night and met the detective.

It was a wretched night. A drizzling rain was falling—one of those cold, penetrating winter rains which seem to strike through the stoutest overcoat ever made.

There was a bad investment made by Harold, for a ten-dollar bill was given to an old tramp who, although apparently presenting a semi-respectable appearance, proceeded straight for the nearest saloon and began to drink the money up.

"There's no use. He'll be as full as a blooming goat in another half-hour," said Rifflington, when at about ten o'clock they left the Bowery in disgust. "We'd better give it up and call it a go. It won't pay to hang around any longer to-night."

"No, no. I shan't do anything of the sort," exclaimed Harold. "I'm bound to carry our programme out to the letter. Joe, we must look up another tramp and donate another ten-dollar bill."

"Well, it's just as you say, my boy!"

"I insist upon it. By George! here comes a subject now!"

They were standing together in front of the brilliantly lighted window of a drug store at the corner of Spring street at the time. Advancing toward them up the Bowery was a tall, thin individual with intensely black hair and eyes, and a decidedly Italian cut of countenance. He wore a faded, shabby suit of black broadcloth, drenched with rain—for he carried no umbrella—which was rendered more marked by the addition of a battered stovepipe that tipped rakishly to one side of his head.

"Hope he'll know me again when he sees me," said Harold—they had adopted no special disguise as yet—"look how he stares at me, Joe! I really believe he's going to speak."

"Ah, Mr. Quinn, good-evening," exclaimed a well-dressed man suddenly stopping beside them and extending his hand.

Rifflington evidently knew the newcomer, for he greeted him cordially.

"It's one of the men from the office," he whispered to Harold. "I will have to give him a few moments, for he has something particular to say to me. You take up your tramp. I'll keep an eye on you and join you later on. If by any chance you should miss me, you'll find me waiting right here."

He drew his friend over to the opposite corner and began an earnest conversation, while Harold turned to meet the tramp. Evidently the fellow had his eye upon Harold, and what is more, he did not take it off.

When they met he stopped short and bade him good-evening with a most obsequious bow.

"Could you give a poor fellow a little assistance?" he asked boldly. "I'm out of work, and haven't had a bite to eat in two days. Even ten cents would help me if you can't spare any more."

"I can do better than that for you, I guess," replied Harold kindly.

He felt in the pocket where he usually kept the ten-dollar bills, but it was empty. Then he remembered that the bill had already been bestowed, and most incautiously he pulled out a big roll of money, and selecting another note, he placed it in the hands of the tramp.

"What! You don't mean to give me this?" exclaimed the man, staring at the roll as it went back into Harold's pocket.

"Yes, it's yours. Take it and be off!"

"I'm very thankful to you, sir. You can hardly imagine the good it will do me. You must be very rich to throw your money about like this."

"I've got enough for my wants. Let me advise you to go to work, and you'll soon have enough for yours."

"That's all very well for you to say, who don't have to work. I can't find a job."

"What's your business?"

"I'm an engraver," replied the tramp; and then catching himself up as though sorry he had spoken, he added: "At least I was, but I haven't worked at my trade in a good many years."

"Let me advise you to get back to it as soon as possible then," said Harold, moving away.

He started down the Bowery with the intention of giving the tramp the usual start in the direction he had been pursuing, but when about halfway down the block he turned and glanced behind him, he saw that the man had changed his direction and was following him.

Now this was not at all to Harold's liking, and he hurried on, and doubled around into Prince street, in order that the man might pass.

"What a nuisance," he thought. "I only hope Joe may have seen him and is following, otherwise I'll have to drop him, for I'm not going to follow him alone."

He walked a few steps along Prince street and, drawing into a doorway, waited for the man to pass down the Bowery. He waited in vain, however, for the tramp did not appear.

"Now I've lost him," muttered Harold in vexation. "There's another ten-dollar bill gone up the spout. I'm afraid I should make but a sorry detective, after all."

He left the doorway, and was hurrying back to the Bowery when all at once he caught sight of the tramp just coming around the corner of Prince street, heading straight for him.

There was no help for it. He must either beat a retreat or meet the man face to face.

Harold chose the former course, and, turning on his heels, abruptly shot around into Elizabeth street, and, after walking a few steps, again paused and looked back.

The tramp was just coming around the corner, his eyes roving right and left.

"By gracious! I believe that fellow is actually trying to follow me," muttered Harold, with a slight sense of uneasiness creeping over him. "What can it mean?"

He felt, of course, that the man's motive was probably robbery, and he resolved to be most wary. All this caution was, however, thrown to the winds a moment later, and that which did it was the motive which causes every man to alter plans and projects, make good resolutions and break them—the same old motive, love.

From the first moment Harold laid eyes upon Jennie Ring, he loved her, and long before the brother to whose care she had been so devoted recovered from the wound inflicted on the night the counterfeiters were captured, the young millionaire knew that his love was returned.

Now the Rings, brother and sister, were living at the comfortable farmhouse near Fort Lee, where Harold had engaged board for them, and scarcely a day had been allowed to pass without seeing Cornwall a passenger on the little steamer running from the foot of Canal street.

Still Harold was very far from being in a satisfied frame of mind. Who was Jennie Ring? This was the question which was bothering the young

man. What would his friends say, what would the world say when they came to learn—and they must learn the truth some time—that he was going to marry a girl who socially was not only an absolute nobody, but whose associates had always been counterfeiters and criminals.

It made Harold shudder to think of it, and yet he was well satisfied that Jennie Ring was all that was pure and good. But to return to Elizabeth street, where we left Harold undetermined whether he was following the man upon whom he had bestowed the bill or whether the man was following him.

"I've either got to meet him now or get out of his way," thought Cornwall. "Perhaps after all it's only an accident and he ain't following me. Guess I'll just go round the block and let him catch up with me or not, as he pleases. It is a beast of a night, anyhow, and I'd just as soon join Rifflington and give the matter up."

He therefore continued on at his usual pace, but before he had got halfway to Spring street the man overtook him and touched his arm. Harold started, although he had been expecting it.

"What do you want?" he demanded rather gruffly, looking around.

"I want to ask the favor of a few moments' private conversation with you, Mr. Cornwall," replied the fellow coolly.

"He knows me," thought Harold. "What can this mean? What do you want?" he asked aloud.

"I can't tell you here. Come to my room. It is close by."

"You had better say what you have got to say here, for I'm in a hurry."

"You didn't seem to be much in a hurry just now when you stopped to give a poor beggar like me that bill."

"I'm in a hurry now, though."

"What did you give me that bill for, anyhow, Mr. Cornwall?"

"Because I chose to. May I ask how you happen to know my name?"

"I have just told you that I can't talk here. Come to my room and I'll tell you something that will make you open your eyes. It's just below here in one of the houses on this block."

"I will do nothing of the sort. If you don't speak out now I shall have to leave you."

"But my communication will interest you greatly."

"I doubt it."

"Suppose I were to tell you that it concerned Jennie Ring."

"Jennie Ring!"

"Ah! Now you're getting interested. I thought you'd be."

"What can you have to say about Jennie Ring?"

"Something that deeply concerns you both."

"Tell me at once."

"Not here, young man. Either you will have to go to my room, or what I have to say will remain unsaid."

"But who are you, anyhow?"

"Oh, if you want my name I've no objection to telling you. It's Michael Torrelli. Are you any the wiser now?"

"Not a bit. I can't imagine what you want to say to me."

"Then why not try, when by complying with my very reasonable request you may soon know all about it? Come to my room. There's nothing to fear. I positively will not talk on the street."

"Does what you want to say concern that young lady's true parentage?" demanded Harold earnestly.

"It does."

"You know the secret?"

"I do."

"You do?"

"I certainly do, and besides Martin Brocklehurst, who will never tell, I am the only person who can give you the information you seek."

"Come with me. We will go to a hotel and take a private room," exclaimed Harold, deeply interested now. "If you tell me the truth, I will pay you well. Come, let us go at once."

In his eagerness Harold caught the man's arm and almost tried to drag him along.

But Mr. Torrelli drew back.

"No, sir. It can't be done that way," he said. "I have told you several times already just how it can be done. Either accept my terms or I'll bid you good-evening, and there the matter shall drop."

"Have your way then, I'll go," replied Harold.

All recollection of Rifflington seemed to have vanished, and he unhesitatingly followed Torrelli back along Elizabeth street a few yards, pausing at last in front of a small old-fashioned dwelling—one of the few still remaining on the block.

"This is where I room," said Torrelli, leading the way up the steps and fumbling for a key.

"How long will you probably detain me?"

"Not over ten minutes, I should say. Walk in."

He flung the door open and stood aside politely to permit Harold to pass.

The front of the house was perfectly dark—Harold had already noticed that. Every window was concealed behind tightly closed brown blinds, and now inside was equal gloom.

"Walk upstairs, please," said Mr. Torrelli.

Harold obeyed. As soon as the door was closed he found himself in utter darkness, and he stood aside at the landing to permit Torrelli to pass him and show the way.

"Just one moment, Mr. Cornwall," said the man, pushing by and opening a door.

"Now, then, step right in and in one second I'll have a light."

Harold walked in unhesitatingly.

So engrossed were his thoughts with the girl whose image had for weeks been uppermost in his

heart, that he never thought of treachery, until he suddenly heard the door softly close behind him and the key grate in the lock.

"Here—what are you about there!" he cried.

"It's all right," replied Torrelli's voice blandly. "I'm only a lodger in this house and must take every precaution to prevent being overheard."

"I want you to light up here instantly—otherwise it will be the worse for you."

"Certainly. Have you a match?"

"No, my matches are out."

"Unfortunate. I shall be obliged to go into another room to get one. Stand precisely where you are until I return."

"I shan't stand here very long—I warn you."

"You've stood long enough already, my liberal young friend," cried Torrelli's voice sneeringly.

At the same instant Harold heard him strike against something, which fell crashing to the floor.

In the next a hand clutched his throat with a deadly grip, and strong arms pushed him back upon a bed.

CHAPTER FOUR

DID you ever have your pocket picked, know at the time that it was being picked, and that you were powerless to prevent it?

Such was the disagreeable sensation of Harold Cornwall.

He found himself forced over upon a bed and held there by a vise-like grip about his throat.

He could not move—he could not cry out—he was entirely powerless to help himself, and while in this position hands seemed to spring out of the darkness and were passed all over his person.

Every pocket was examined, and Harold did not fail to notice that there was no attempt made to disturb his watch or pocketbook, but the handsome, silver-mounted revolver, which he now carried on the ten-dollar expeditions, was taken from him, also a pocket-knife which carried an unusually long blade.

Then the sound of retreating footsteps was heard, and presently the grip on his throat was loosened. Before Harold could recover his breath sufficiently to get off the bed, the gas flared up, showing him Mr. Torrelli calmly standing beside a bureau with his arms folded, looking down upon him with a Mephistophelian leer.

"Ah, there! How are you feeling?" he sneered. "Might I ask how you came to lie down on my bed?"

"You mutt! What is your purpose?" cried Harold, springing up. "I've a good mind to——"

"Softly, softly, my dear fellow!" interrupted Torrelli, waving him back. "You may have a good mind to, but you won't. It was just this that I desired to avoid. Understand, I am armed now, while you are not. You have common sense enough to grasp the situation, I am quite sure. Sit down."

Harold dropped into a chair.

A feeling of weakness had in fact came over him. It was as much as he could do to stand.

"Will you tell me what you want?" he gasped. "If it is blackmail I warn you that I do not fear you. I——"

"Tut, tut! It's nothing of the sort," interrupted Torrelli. "All I want of you, my dear fellow, is the scratch of the pen, nothing less, and no more. Here you are. You are to sign your name right here."

He produced a legal-appearing document, and spread it out upon a small table near to which Harold sat, at the same time throwing one arm over the written text in such a way as to conceal it! There was a pen and ink standing upon the table, too, and he motioned to Harold to take up the pen and sign.

"What is this?" demanded Harold, who by this time had began to recover his self-possession. "An order for half of my fortune?"

"Ah, dear sir," cried Torrelli dramatically, "how you wrong me! It is nothing of the sort. In fact, it does not concern you at all."

"Then why should I sign the paper?"

"For several reasons, foremost among which is the fact that you are my prisoner, and must remain so until you do sign."

"Indeed! A strong reason surely! It is usual, though, for a person to be informed of the nature of a document before signing it. May I inquire the nature of this?"

"You may, but I shall be forced to refuse you the information."

"You say it does not concern me. May I ask if it concerns Jennie Ring?"

"Well, yes; I don't mind telling you that it does."

"Then it concerns me, too."

"Indirectly, of course."

"How about that secret you had to communicate to me?"

"You shall learn it after you have signed the paper. I swear to you that I will tell you the true history of the boy and girl brought up by Martin Brocklehurst under the name of Ring."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to yield," said Harold, taking up the pen with seeming reluctance. "Where did you say I was to sign?"

"Right there," answered Torelli, with a triumphant chuckle.

He leaned forward over the table and placed his finger upon the paper.

"Right there, Mr. Cornwall," he repeated. "Sign this and there shan't be a word between us. You and I will be friends for life. You shall then read the document, and will see at a glance what a favor I've done you."

"All right. I suppose I've got to do it," said Harold. "Stand out of the light, will you, so

that I can see what I'm about. There, so. Now, then, I make my mark right here."

But it was not on the paper that the mark was made.

Oh, no!

Suddenly Harold had thrown up his arm which was twisted like lightning about Torrelli's neck as he bent forward over the table, bringing his head down upon it again and again like a trip-hammer, to the great injury of his somewhat prominent nose.

"Oh, Oh! Oh!" cried Torrelli, each oh! being emphasized by another bump of the nose.

It was about all he said—just about.

Well as he pretended to have been acquainted with Harold, he seemed to have forgotten, if he ever knew it, that Cornwall had taken the first prize for wrestling at a certain athletic exhibition connected with the Columbia college gymnasium only a year before.

Now that Harold had a fair show, the mysterious Mr. Torrelli found himself nowhere; or to speak more correctly, found himself sprawling upon the bed with a handkerchief thrust in his mouth and his arms and legs tied with a stout rope which Harold had noticed lying upon the bureau when the light first shot up, and had no doubt was intended for himself.

Never had the tables been more quickly and so completely turned.

Harold stood still and listened, grasping the revolver in his hand which he had recovered from the fellow's pocket, but not a sound could be heard. It began to look as if the house was entirely deserted except for themselves.

"Now then, my scheming friend, we'll see what all this is about!" he exclaimed. "First, this mysterious document. That goes into my pocket so. Now, to go through your pockets so and so—ah, more documents! They are confiscated. Your lesson in picking pockets was soon learned, you see. Good! Here's the door key—just what I want. You lie here still a few moments, and I'll drop in again with a friend whom you'll be pleased to know, I'm sure."

Torrelli's eyes followed him as he unlocked the door, and when Harold looked back, he felt that he had never seen a more malignant expression upon the face of mortal man.

"If I can only get out and catch Rifflington," he thought as he stole downstairs.

He expected nothing but to have some one come springing out upon him in the darkened hall, but nothing of the kind occurred.

He reached the door in safety, opened it, and gained the street.

Not until he had reached the corner of Spring street did he begin to breathe freely again, for there was Rifflington just coming around the corner of the Bowery under a dripping umbrella, looking anxiously this way and that.

"Where in the world have you been? I have been looking everywhere for you!" exclaimed the detective, as catching sight of Harold he came hurrying up.

"Been having an adventure, of course. Quick Joe. I want you."

"What's up? I see by your face that something unusual has occurred."

"So there has."

"Where's your tramp?"

"I've taken him prisoner."

"Taken him prisoner! What in the world do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say. I have taken our tramp prisoner, and he now lies gagged and bound upon a bed in a house around the corner. I want you to go back with me at once, and take him in charge."

"Well, well, well, you have been in business!" exclaimed Rifflington, amazed. "I couldn't think what had become of you, and having looked around pretty much every corner about here I came back to the old spot, intending to wait for you to show up. But tell me the whole story, and then I shall know just how to act."

It did not take Harold long to tell his story.

Rifflington listened with open eyes.

"Come, this is serious!" he exclaimed. "Do you know, my dear boy, you've run a big risk in what you did? Nobody that could testify in your favor saw this fellow attack you, but like as not some did see you attack him. Do you know I believe that it was all a put-up job to make you attack him, and that there were witnesses. If that's so look out for yourself. They know you're rich, and will be sure to bleed you well. Beside, there were the documents—probably nothing but waste paper. You took those from his pocket. If any one was watching you are in a deuce of a fix."

"I don't believe you've hit the nail at all," exclaimed Harold.

"You may be very sure I have. Somehow this fellow learned who you were and made up his mind to bleed you. The documents were all a fake, but I can, perhaps, help you. I'll forestall the operations of these blackmailers, for you may be sure there is more there than this man, Torrelli, concerned in the business, by getting assistance and pulling the house at once."

"What do you want assistance for?" demanded Harold. "If I could handle that fellow alone, is there anything to hinder us from handling him together? Come on."

"But suppose there are others?"

"I tell you there are no others, and even if there are, we've got the best of them."

"Say, just let me look at those papers a minute," exclaimed Rifflington suddenly. "They may help us to a decision. Come into the drug store here."

"But why waste time? That fellow Torrelli knows Jennie Ring's true name and history. I want——"

"Oh, that girl, that girl!" sighed Rifflington

interrupting. "I tell you, my dear fellow, your mad infatuation for Jennie Ring is likely to get you into a worse trouble than this before you are through."

He opened the door of the drug store on the corner of the Bowery and Spring street as he spoke, and Harold, without making any reply, followed him inside.

"Let's see those papers," said Rifflington. "Have you examined them at all?"

"Never even stopped to look at them."

"What's this, what's this!" exclaimed the detective, as he glanced over the document which Torrelli had attempted to make Harold sign, "for the consideration of one dollar, to me in hand paid, I do hereby assign to Michael Torrelli, of the city and county of New York, all my right, title, and interest to the estate of the late Edward Jones—Harold, what does this mean?"

"I'll be eternally blest if I know!" exclaimed Harold, with his eyes wide open.

"Are these Joneses any relation to you?"

"Not that I ever heard of. I should be sorry if they were."

"But do you know anything about it?"

"They are not on my father's side, certainly."

"And your mother's?"

"I know next to nothing about my mother's people."

"Well, well—hello! What in the world! Why, this is old Jones' missing will!"

Rifflington had opened one of the papers which Harold had taken from Torrelli's pocket now, and the expression of his face was a study as he glanced over the contents:

"I hereby give and bequeath all my real estate and personal property to Harold Cornwall, only son of my beloved cousin, Susan Cornwall," he read half aloud.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Unto him who hath shall be given. Harry, my boy, do you know what this paper does for you?"

But Harold, who had heard, was too dumfounded to speak.

"It gives you another million, that's all," added Rifflington. "If this don't beat the Dutch my name ain't Quinn!"

Harold seized the paper and hastily glanced over its contents. It was precisely as Rifflington had said. Here was another million thrust upon him from a source of which he had never dreamed.

"Come!" whispered the detective suddenly. "We must tackle Mr. Torrelli without an instant's delay. If we run across a policeman so much the better; if not, we must go it alone."

They now left the drug store together and hurried around into Elizabeth street.

"What can it all mean?" exclaimed Harold, as they walked along.

"It means just what the will says," replied Rifflington, "that you are Ned Brocklehurst's sole heir. Great Scott! I only wish it was me."

"But how could this fellow Torrelli have known it?"

"Now you've got me. He learned the truth somehow, and thought to profit by it. It was a shallow trick, though, and would never have stood the test in the courts in the world."

"Not if I had signed the paper?"

"Never!"

"I only wish he could be made to tell what he knows about Jennie Ring."

"He knows nothing at all about her, you may depend. That was only the bait flung out to you, and you bit. Which is the house?"

"There, right ahead. The third from that pork-packing place with the iron hand-rail at the stoop."

"Looks as dark as a pocket, don't it? How are we going to get in?"

"I left the door ajar when I came out. It fastens with a spring lock."

"And by gracious, it's ajar still," whispered the detective, stealing up the steps and trying it. "It begins to look as though you were right, that there is no one else in the house but this fellow Torrelli. Which door is it at the top of the stairs?"

"The first one on the left."

"Quiet now. Have your revolver ready, but only use it in emergency. Thunder and Mars! this adventure of our last ten-dollar bill takes the bun!"

Leaving the door partially open behind them, Rifflington now crept up the stairs, followed by Harold. Though they strained their ears to the utmost, they were unable to hear a sound, until the landing above was reached.

Then voices were heard talking earnestly behind the door, but in a language which Rifflington could not understand.

"They are there, and there's more than one!" breathed the detective. "Hark! what is that they are saying? Some foreign lingo. French, ain't it?"

"Italian," answered Harold in an almost inaudible voice.

"Can you understand it?"

"Every word. For heaven's sake, keep still!"

Several moments passed, during which the watchers at the door remained motionless, Harold's ear at the keyhole, strained to catch every sound.

"Merciful heavens! Why, that man is the murderer of Ned Brocklehurst!" he breathed at last. "Joe, there is a woman in there with him. They are talking about it."

"Hush!" whispered Rifflington, "they are coming! Stand aside and seize them as they pass."

He was right.

Inside the room footsteps could be heard crossing the floor, and a second later a key grated in the lock.

"I'll fix that fellow yet, burn him!" Harold

could hear the voice of Torrelli saying. "I learned all about his anxiety to learn that Ring girl's history from Billy Ring. You see, I've been boarding in the same house with them in Jersey. We shall meet again, and——"

"And you meet now!" spoke the stern voice of Rifflington as the door flew open.

"Corpo de Bacco!" cried Torrelli, springing back so suddenly that he almost overturned a young and rather good-looking woman who stood behind him. "It is the by himself!"

Before he could utter another word he was facing two cocked revolvers, before he could make a move Rifflington had the handcuffs about his wrists.

Well, all things must have their end, and the series of adventures growing out of J. Rifflington Quinn's suggestion to Harold Cornwall that he donate four ten-dollar bills to tramps on the Bowery had come to an end at last.

They had been exciting, they had been peculiar, but the last was the most astonishing of all.

Briefly, it gave the young millionaire another million; that Harold in his good fortune did not forget his friend Rifflington may be well believed.

Torrelli, taken to the nearest station, turned out to be Ned Jones, and was long wanted by the Italian government for forgery and other crimes.

Perhaps his little plot against Harold might have succeeded if Cornwall had been weak enough to sign the paper, but it is doubtful.

As matters turned out, Torrelli, proven by his own confession to be guilty of the old man's murder, was tried, convicted and finally electrocuted.

His motive had been to rob the old man of a large sum of money which he believed to be concealed in the house.

Finding that he was mistaken in this, Torrelli stole the will, disposed of the body by putting it in a trunk and attempting to ship it West, and concocted the scheme against Harold which so miserably failed.

On the night of Torrelli's arrest Martin Brocklehurst hung himself by the blankets of his bed in the cell at the Tombs.

For this Harold was always very much obliged to him, though it deprived him of all chance of establishing the identity of Jennie Ring, for Torrelli admitted that he knew nothing about the girl.

Nevertheless, Harold married Jennie, and Billy Ring and Joe Rifflington danced at the wedding.

MAN SUPPOSEDLY CREMATED APPEARS IN THE FLESH

ANTON HENRY MADLER, an inmate for the past eighteen months of the Hudson County Alms-house at Laurel Hill, N. J., received the interesting news recently that his funeral had taken place on a certain day, that his body had been cremated and that his ashes now repose in a vase.

Madler is naturally rather worked up over this report, considering it premature and uncalled for.

When Madler entered the almshouse he had the comforting assurance that when he died he would have a strictly modern funeral. To insure this he had invested his few remaining dollars with a Hoboken undertaking firm, who contracted to take charge of his body at death and cremate it, according to instructions.

Being of a sociable disposition, Madler had been favorably known to many Hoboken waiters and bartenders, and recently he went to Hoboken to talk over old times with some of them. His sudden appearance in his old haunts caused a profound sensation. Wherever he went his friends first stared at him in horrified amazement and several of them ducked precipitately behind the bar or sheltering tables.

"What's coming off here? What ails you fellows, anyway!" demanded Madler. "Here I come to see you and you act as if you don't want to talk."

"Sure, we know you, but you've no business here. You're dead and you know it," was the reply he got from the bravest of one scared group.

For all his 65 years Madler is hale and hearty and his voice and very life-like appearance finally reassured some of his friends in spite of the fact that they had attended his funeral recently, and some of them actually had seen his ashes after the body had been cremated. Others, to back up their words, showed him newspaper clippings announcing his death.

Madler at once hurried to the undertaking establishment and, sure enough, found that he had been cremated as told. At least the firm had received a body said to be that of Anton Henry Madler and had carried out the arrangements which Madler had made with them eighteen months before.

Madler declared that they had made a serious mistake and that he wasn't going to stand for having a funeral that he knew nothing about and being cremated when he felt as vigorous as he did at present.

He still has a funeral coming to him, insists Madler, topped off with a cremation and the ashes in a vase as he contracted for.

The undertaker said he had been notified that Anton Henry Madler had died and that he received a call and sent a vehicle to take the body to his establishment, where it was received, prepared and cremated.

At the Almshouse it was said today that somebody had made a mistake in the name.

Whoever was responsible, Madler stands pat on his claim that a contract is a contract.

"It's none of my funeral," he says.

A Tiny Clue

By MARTHA LYONS

TOM DIX was coming down Broadway early one morning. Indeed, it was not eight o'clock when he left the rooms, and he had no idea it was so early, and had hurried forth, supposing it to be quite late.

Being set right by the clock in the tower of Trinity Church, as he passed that ancient edifice, the detective began to take it a little more leisurely, well knowing that Mr. Markham, his superintendent, wouldn't be in his office before nine, and that there was little to be done that day until after Tom had seen him.

The man tracker was just thinking what a strange lull there was in business.

Well, Tom was just thinking of this when he saw a man hurrying along the street toward him.

He was about five feet six or seven high, well-proportioned, clean shaved, hair thin on the top of his head—this last was noticed as he took off his hat to wipe his forehead with a large silk handkerchief which he carried in his hand.

There was a good deal of character about the fellow.

Tom had time to observe this before they met.

He hadn't appeared to notice the detective at all. And now, as he almost ran against Tom, he seemed a little startled, and, for an instant, embarrassed.

But, of course, that might be owing to the suddenness of their meeting.

The officer had seen the man before, but couldn't call him by name, but he knew Tom, which, on the whole, isn't to be wondered at.

"Oh, Mr. Dix," said he, grabbing Tom by the arm, "have you heard the horrible news? I was just on my way to your lodgings. I want to retain you, and I want the whole thing thoroughly sifted to the very bottom, yes, even if I have to pay every cent of the expenses myself."

"But you've forgotten, sir," said the detective, "that you haven't yet told me what this horrible news is—I don't even know your name."

"Of course—of course," said he, "that's very true; my name is John Creigg. I'm a broker and house agent on State street."

"Ah, yes, I have heard of you!" said Tom, and indeed so had almost everybody in town, for Mr. Creigg stood very high as a man of strict integrity and ample means.

"Yes, undoubtedly," said he, "and you've also heard of Mr. Whitelock of Fifth avenue?"

"Of course," said the detective.

"Well," said Creigg, "last night he was most brutally murdered."

"Impossible!" said Tom, very much astonished. "Such a thing could hardly have taken place and I not have heard of it."

"Nevertheless, it is true," said his informant; "but it was only discovered about a half hour ago by his valet, who came direct to me."

"Well, tell me about it. Have you been to the station?"

"Yes, I've been to the station, and notified them, and it was while there that I happened to think of you, and determined to secure your services."

"You seem to take a great deal of interest in this matter, Mr. Creigg," said Tom curiously.

"And why shouldn't I?" said he; "Mr. Whitelock was my best friend. I had charge of all his real estate matters here, collected all his rents, besides doing much other business for him."

"Ah! that accounts for it, and now, if you will accompany me to the superintendent's office for a few moments, we will then go direct to the scene of the late tragedy."

"By all means," said Creigg.

At that moment a policeman came running up.

"Mr. Dix," said he in an agitated tone, "you're wanted at the office immediately. There's been a most horrible mur—— Oh!" as he noticed who Tom's companion was. "You know all about it, I see."

"Yes," said the detective, "and was just on my way to the office."

The policeman turned away, and they hurried to the station.

Leaving Creigg seated in the outer room, Tom entered the superintendent's private office.

Within ten minutes he had all the facts known at the office in his possession.

The points necessary for a complete understanding of his story are these:

Mr. Walter Whitelock was an old man of sixty-eight or seventy. He had survived his wife and children by some years, and the only heir to his vast possessions was a little grandson, a sickly child who was now at a private boarding-house in the country.

Mr. Whitelock kept three servants about him—his valet and two women.

The women slept on the third floor, the valet had a room connecting with his employees.

Mr. Whitelock had been to pay a visit to his grandson, and the day before this upon which his body was discovered he had sent his servant back to town with an important private message for Mr. Creigg, at the same time telling his valet that he need not return to the country, as he would come home by himself during the next day.

This man, whose name, by the way, was Augustus Walker, had faithfully delivered the message to Creigg, and then returned home to the house on Grand avenue.

Creigg had said that he would be obliged to call there in order to carry out his employer's instructions, and about an hour later did so, and remained in Mr. Whitelock's private room for the better part of two hours, when Walker himself showed him out of the house and locked the door.

A little later Walker retired for the night. The two female servants had already done so.

None of the three were in any way disturbed until morning, but a little before half-past seven Walker started to put his master's private room in order, wishing to have it ready when he would return.

Before going to bed the night before he had turned the key in the lock. He was now startled to find the door unfastened.

He entered the room, and a startling sight met his gaze!

There, upon the floor, lay his master, whom he had supposed to be full forty miles away.

His clothing was disordered, and there was a wound, made by some heavy instrument, extending from the front part of the head down the forehead to near the bridge of the nose.

In consternation he called up the women servants, and, after consulting with them, hurried off to Mr. Creigg's.

After paying a hurried visit to the place, Creigg went to the police station.

Officers were at once dispatched to take possession of the house. Walker and the girls were questioned, and the body carefully examined.

In one of the hands of the dead man—which were tightly clenched—there was found the merest fragment of paper, that appeared to have been torn from a greenback or a United States Government bond.

This was the information Dix received at police headquarters.

He asked for that fragment, and it was delivered to his keeping.

Then, turning to the superintendent, he asked:

"How many know about this little piece of paper?"

"Only a servant, Butler, and myself," was his reply.

"'Twas Butler that found it, then?" said Tom.

"Yes."

"You feel certain that neither Creigg nor the valet know of it?"

"Perfectly," said he. "Shall you work up in that direction first?"

"I can't say; but in a matter of this kind, if there's a little clue, I like, if possible, to have it all to myself."

"Very proper," said the superintendent.

On arriving at the house, Tom found everything just as it had been described, but in the meantime a very important discovery had been made.

A safe that was built into the wall of the private apartment had been opened and robbed—of how much it could not immediately be ascertained—but of a large amount it was certain, a part of which must have been in government bonds, as Whitelock was known to be a large holder of these securities.

The Central Office men went to work on the case, as he thought, systematically, but, as he learned, for a good while with poor results.

Months passed, and still he seemed no nearer the truth than at first.

Creigg always stood ready to give Tom advice and assistance, but neither resulted in throwing any light on the mystery.

None of the stolen property had been traced.

Tom had long since learned the amount and numbers of the bonds, but could not find that any of them had ever been put upon the market.

He had had a close watch kept on Walker, but never caught him tripping, although Creigg had seemed to lean to the opinion that he knew more of the matter than was supposed.

The case was at this stand, when suddenly one morning Creigg burst into Tom's room before he was dressed, and in eager haste cried:

"Walker's gone! He's off!"

"Gone where? Where's he off to?" asked Dix in an absent sort of way.

"To Europe—I'm sure of it," said the eager visitor.

The detective was very much pleased to hear this news.

It looked like putting a little life into the case, so he said:

"All right; and if there's any occasion for it, I'll go there, too."

"And if you go, I shall go with you," said Creigg; "for, as I've always said, I'll see the bottom of this thing."

"Very good," said Dix; "there can be no objection to that, especially if you pay your own expenses."

"That is a matter of course," said Creigg.

As Tom entered the superintendent's office that day he looked up, and, with more interest than he generally manifested, said:

"Oh, Dix! I suppose you've heard that Walker's off?"

"Yes, heard it this morning," replied the officer, and then he asked: "Where has he gone to?"

"Took a steamer from New York to Liverpool. What do you think of it?"

"I don't like to say just yet, Mr. Markham, if you'll be so kind as not to press me," and then, looking at him earnestly, he asked: "But what do you think of doing?"

"I want you to follow him by the next steamer, and so bring this matter to a focus," said he, "for, to tell the truth, it's a disgrace to this office."

The sleuth flushed up a little at that, and replied, a little sharply:

"It shall be brought to a focus, sir, very soon."

"Very well; good-day!" This was said in a way to show that Tom was dismissed.

However, as he reached the door he turned again and said:

"Mr. Markham!"

"Well, what is it now?" asked the super.

"I am likely to have a companion on this trip."

"Who?" he exclaimed in wonder.

"Mr. Creigg."

"Is this wise?"

"I think so," was the detective's reply.

"Very well," he said, again in that tone which told him to go.

And he went—went directly to his private room, locked himself in, sat down on a low chair, placed his elbows on his knees, and thought—thought for two long hours as man never thought before.

He saw one thing—he had a cunning customer to deal with.

That night he started for the pier; Creigg went with him.

The next steamer that sailed for Europe took them as passengers.

They reached London in ten days after they had started from home.

Dix paid a visit to Scotland Yard, and arranged everything with the authorities.

He was alone on that occasion.

As a usual thing Creigg stuck to him like a burr, until he knew Tom was safe in bed, his enthusiasm in the chase after Whitelock's murderer was so great.

They had put up at a third-rate hotel, not far from Scotland Yard, and much frequented by those connected with the police, to have things handy.

Their rooms were adjoining. There was a door of communication between the two, but, of course, this was kept locked.

A night or two after Tom's visit to Scotland Yard he heard mysterious sounds that seemed to come from Creigg's room.

It set him to thinking.

The next night while they were seated together in the barroom, Tom said:

"Creigg, this is a little dull, ain't it? Suppose we have something warming?"

"I've no objections," said he.

And so Tom asked the barmaid to let them have a private room.

They were soon accommodated, and the materials for mixing a punch were placed before them.

Tom took it upon himself to do the mixing.

In less than two hours he helped Creigg to bed.

After that he wasn't long in getting the door of communication between their rooms open and locking the outer doors.

Then he went into a systematic examination of that man's room and property.

Next day Creigg was too sick to leave the hotel. But he never suspected what Tom had been up to the night before.

The detective received a message from Scotland Yard and went there immediately, but left an officer, in citizen's dress, behind, to keep an eye on things at the hotel.

As he expected, Walker was in the hands of the police, and Tom soon got to the bottom of all he knew; but requested that, for the present, he might be detained at the office.

Dix also requested that one or two more good men should be sent to the hotel.

He then paid a visit to the United States ministry. After that he went back to the hotel and asked for Creigg.

"He's in the private room you occupied last evening," said the barmaid.

The officer went there.

Creigg was seated in a high-backed arm-chair, his feet spread out before him, a pipe in his mouth, and on the table at his side were all the necessaries for mixing a cheerful beverage.

In fact, the whole formed a perfect picture of comfort and enjoyment such as Tom hated to disturb.

"Halloo, old boy, where have you been all day?" was his greeting.

"Oh, just looking 'round a bit," said Tom.

"Well, take that other chair," said he, "and draw up and have something. Here, just let me ring for another glass and pipe."

Dix was agreeable, for he felt he wanted something to steady him for what he had to do.

After they drank a little, and Tom had taken a pull or two at the pipe, he suddenly turned to Creigg—he was seated in the same careless attitude as before.

"Creigg, I believe I've found out something," said Tom.

"Ah!" said he, carelessly, taking his pipe from his mouth, and blowing out great wreaths of smoke. Then, in languid tones, he asked:

"And what may it be?"

"I've matched a piece of paper," said Dix, looking at him fixedly.

"The deuce you have!" said he, with a little laugh, and still pulling away at his pipe. "Well," he continued, after a moment or two, "I really shouldn't wonder if you made a stir in the world yet—before you die."

"Stranger things than that have happened," said Tom taking his pipe in his left hand, and, at the same time, holding up a bond, from the top edge of which the merest fragment had been torn. "Do you see that?"

"Yes, what of it?" he asked, without taking the trouble to remove his pipe.

"Why—nothing," said Tom, "only I took that, with $67,000 worth more and a number of things belonging to you, from under the flooring in your room while you were drunk last night, and the missing fragment of this bond was taken from

the hand of Walter Whitelock the morning he was dead on the floor of his private room."

Creigg's careless indifference was all gone now.

Before Tom had finished speaking Creigg had crushed the stem of his pipe between his teeth and ground it to powder, and now he stood before Tom, his face as pale as any corpse that was ever coffined.

"What—what are you going to do?" he asked.

"Ain't that a rather useless question?" said Tom.

"Will you take $10,000 to let me off?"

"It's too late, Creigg," said Tom, "there's half a dozen officers 'round this room, and 'twon't do to have any fooling."

Well, in a word, he wilted—gave right up—submitted peacefully as a lamb, and told Tom all about it afterward.

Got into a tight box. Saw his way out of it by robbing Whitelock. Opportunity offered. Fixed the window while he was there in the early part of the evening. Got in after the house was quiet. Managed to get the safe open, and was just looking over the bonds when he was surprised by Whitelock. From the time he knew that his employer was in the room to the time he knew he himself was a murderer, seemed no more than a single instant. The course he took afterward was to divert suspicion from himself.

The ready money he had found in the safe and on Whitelock's person had tided him over his tight place; but the bonds he dared not use, although he had most cunningly altered their numbers.

He was anxious to get to Europe to dispose of them, and made Walker's return to his own country an excuse for going. He might have managed everything, but that fragment fixed him.

Well, Tom got him back here, and brought Walker along as a witness.

Walker was an Englishman, and had only gone back to his native country because he found it hard work to get employment here after the murder.

The trial came off in due course, and there's no need of saying anything about that, for it's too recent for you not to know all about it.

Yes, Creigg did, and, to my mind, he richly deserved his fate.

SNAILS ARE NUTRITIOUS

"ALL snails are edible and nutritious," says Canon Horsley in a book on British land and fresh water molluscs, just published. He goes on to say that even the common or garden snail, though insipid, is as nourishing as calf's-foot jelly.

There is a large white-shelled snail called Helix pomatia that is commonly eaten by connoisseurs in the south of England, while all over France, Italy and Spain several species are used as food. In France there are many snail farms, which yield a good profit to their owners. In the French and Italian quarters of New York snails may be bought, either alive or cooked, and at most of the French restaurants they are served, "escargots farcis" being the most usual form of the dish.

Snails are easy to raise in large quantities. They need lime for making their shells, but they do not have to be fed, as they can find their own food, which is exclusively the leaves of many plants. They are most delicious when properly prepared and cooked, and, as Canon Horsley says, as nourishing as calf's-foot jelly.

EXAMINE HEARTS BY TELEPHONE

AN amplifying apparatus described as so delicate as to permit a physician in one city to make a stethoscopic study of the heart action of a patient hundreds of miles away, was demonstrated to-day to a group of army and civilian medical men at the Army Signal Corps laboratories. The principle involved is similar to that used in transmitting President Harding's inaugural address to the great crowd that extended far beyond the ordinary reach of the human voice.

The demonstration was directed by Brigadier General George Squier, chief signal officer. The stethoscopic apparatus with electrical connection was placed over the heart of one of the laboratory assistants, and the heartbeat was amplified many thousands of times, emerging through a phonograph horn to be heard distinctly and studied by the physicians in a room some distance from that in which the subject was located.

The device may be used in connection with any telephone wires, and will function it was said at the laboratory, as far as the telephone wires will transmit the voice in ordinary conversation.

"A special heart transmitter has been designed which rests by its own weight over the patient's heart," said General Squier, in describing the apparatus. "The passage of the blood through the different valves of the heart causes vibrations in an air chamber, which faithfully reproduces all the various actions. These are transmitted over the wire to an amplifying apparatus attached to a large horn, which projects the sounds throughout the building."

A Call At Scotland Yard

By O. W. MOSHER

IT was night; not a night of mystery and mist such as writers of detective stories love to picture, where cowering thieves disappear on mysterious quests into shrouded cabs, where Raffles and Sherlock Holmes travel their uncanny ways. No, to tell the truth, it was a bright moonlit night with no other suggestion of mystery than the vast size of London with its dull, ceaseless, murmuring rumble ordinarily gives.

In front of that stately pile, the British museum, Jackson, a London Bobby of powerful physique, erect and handsome in his dark-blue uniform and helmet with its military cord snapped under his chin, was strolling up and down his beat in my company, occasionally deigning to emit words of vast experience and deep wisdom. In the angle of the wall we had just passed, a blithe young fellow was doing his level best to kiss his best girl, but she, apparently not believing in yielding too soon to her young man's attentions, was playfully keeping him away. To an unbiased observer, however, it looked as though the young man would come into his rightful own shortly, so I turned with a grin to my companion.

"I suppose you see no end of spoony couples on your beats?"

"I do," said Jackson, "but I just pass by and pretend not to notice them. I just keep one eye open to see that nothing's the matter. But I tell you sometimes there is something the matter. I had to take up a girl the other day who'd been making a business of advertising herself for marriage. She'd got a rotter to send her $200 to pay her passage to go to him in Australia; and as soon as she got the money what did she do but jilt him and keep every bloomin' bob—pretty shady, I calls it. But say," he continued, with pardonable pride, "this beat I've got here is a nice one, no drunks, no dirt—all nice, straightforward duty, just embezzlement, burglary cases and such like."

"Is that so?" said I. "Did you ever catch any one? I should think a crook could see you a mile off in that uniform."

"Well, sir," said the great man, laughing condescendingly at my flippant remarks, "you would be surprised at how many of them an officer can hold up; after you've been in the service a while you naturally are able to feel when a 'tike' is around—you can spot them, sir. One of our men last year trailed a man just because he looked suspicious, and do you know, before he got done with the case, he recovered four of these big lorries—you know what I mean, these extra big vans—full of stolen goods. The gang he got must have robbed seventy-five houses; there were clocks, vases, rugs, the greatest assortment you ever did see. All the stuff was down at the 'Yard' for a long while before it was all identified."

"Say," I interrupted, "I'd like to see Scotland Yard; do you suppose they'd let a fellow in?"

"Well, now, I don't really know; sometimes they do, but they're afraid if the public sees all those instruments them clever crooks used, that they've got in the collection there; they're afraid, I says, that it would attract people to follow a life of crime—so the authorities make it pretty hard to get in."

"Do you think I look as though I'd get started on the downward path?" I jollied back.

"Well, I don't really know," said Jackson, having his little joke. "Some of these guys who look so innocent they wouldn't steal a pin or say bee to a goose, turn out to be bad uns once they begin."

"By George," I said, coming back at him, "I'm likely to get frisky right here on this spot, rough you up and shove you all over the place, if you don't look out."

"Come on and try," said Jackson, drawing himself up to his magnificent six feet four; "you Americans are good at lots of things, but you can't pull London policemen about—you know our London police team pulled your American tug-o'-war team right off its feet, without any trouble at all, over at the Olympic show this year."

"You big cheese," I said, "just you wait till I get back to the States; I'll pick up a few blacksmiths, a couple of lumberjacks and the head miller in my home town and make up a team that will pull you big Englishmen up by the roots."

"Well, all I can say," concluded Jackson in a placating tone, "you'll have to work jolly hard to do it, because all us bobbies have to practice tug-o-war as part of our training, and that way we develop pretty decent teams."

"You just wait and see," I laughed back; "I'll bring over that team, and, what's more, I'm going to see the inside of Scotland Yard to-morrow or know the reason why."

"All right, good luck," said the handsome, big-hearted officer as he strode down the street and I wended my way toward where the lights of Gloucester Road glowed cheerfully through the night.

And so on the next day I advanced upon Scotland Yard. From the Nelson monument I

wended my way in the direction of the Houses of Parliament and the ancient Abbey. About halfway along this route, on the left-hand side, I turned up a narrow alley and at once came upon Scotland Yard.

This consists of two ponderous red-brick buildings connected by a covered bridge—a bridge of sighs, no doubt—a building in keeping with its solemn and sinister purpose, for within these walls are hatched the schemes by which the criminals of England are run to earth.

At the doorway I was halted. "What are you doing here? What's your trouble?"

"A traveler, who wants to see the Yard."

"Can't be done," said the doorkeeper in a haughty tone. "That's not allowed."

"But I have credentials," I replied, flashing a paper bearing a golden seal."

Now this imposing document was none other than a statement from the college in which I am a humble teacher of history, that I was doing research work as a representative of that institution and that any courtesy accorded me would be highly appreciated. Fortunately, my college had a seal that for imposing magnificence put the great seal of England completely in the shade. When the gleam of this seal smote upon the eye of the doorkeeper he promptly swallowed his Adam's apple—all of it—and said with a deference due the lord high chancellor himself, "Very well, sir, take the door to the right."

Through this door indicated I hurried with all the speed of a thoroughly righteous conscience.

"Here, where are you going?" came from another big husky at the door.

"I'm going in to see the Yard," I said.

"Make a statement of your business on this card," said the officer.

With a flourish I wrote out: "Professor of history from an American college investigating, wishes to see the Yard."

"All right," said the guard, "go two flights up to the secretary's office." This I did, and at each landing was promptly stopped by officers to examine my credentials, until I was at last ushered into the waiting-room off the secretary's office.

On the walls of this room no pictures of noted sleuths and criminals looked down at me, but the place of honor was accorded to the portrait of General Booth of the Salvation Army. Other than this and a picture of Lord Roberts in uniform there was nothing on the walls. In the distance came the tinkle of call bells, while down the darkened halls officers passed on errands unknown to me.

"The secretary will see you now, sir," said a young officer presently, and I went into the adjoining room. Three men rose as I entered and stood facing me from behind a central desk. The middle one, the secretary, a man with that powerful, athletic build so characteristic of London's police, a man with black hair and snapping eyes, smiled at me kindly and stated that he would be glad to help me in my investigations if he could.

This was my epoch-making reply: "Ever since I was a small boy every detective story I have ever read has had something to do with Scotland Yard; I would like very much to see the place."

"There isn't much to see," he laughed, "especially now that we have had to dismantle the museum to make room for soldiers. During the war we had to make room, so we boxed most of the exhibits, and now we need the room for school work, but I'll be glad to send an officer around with you. He may be able to show you a few things that have not been put away. By the way, in one of the German air raids over London we lost quite a few relics—the west wing of the building was rather badly damaged by a Zeppelin. Relative to those detective stories," he added, "did you ever notice that in all the stories the inspector from Scotland Yard always gets the worst of it? Raffles or Sherlock Holmes always outwit our detectives every time—one would think we never brought any one to justice."

"Yes, I remember Inspector Mackenzie is always getting left in the Raffle stories," I agreed. "I wish you would pick out an officer to show me around who knows the history of this place and can tell me some real stories about famous cases investigated here."

"I'll have a good try," he said, with an amused smile, and after ringing a bell an ordinary-looking chap in plain clothes (did you get that—in plain clothes), a real genuine plain-clothes man, one of the best on the force, a man with a record of convictions of unusual merit, came in. The secretary introduced us, and, "Morton," added the secretary, "show this professor all around and tell him a few yarns about the place and your experiences."

A quick salute and off we went where the corridors echoed weirdly to our hurrying feet.

"Now that finger in that bottle there with the copper ring at the joint where it is torn off," said Detective Morton, pointing at the grisly emblem—"a weird thing, isn't it? It is interesting because it shows how sure modern detective methods are. The way we got it was like this. Ferguson, as fine a detective as was ever on our force, was examining the premises of Lord Huntington, who lives over in the swanky residence section of London. His lordship usually spent the winter at Biarritz, but before closing his town house he always made arrangements with the force to keep an eye on the place. Of course he had a caretaker, but, as he had some valuable chink in the house, he wanted the police to keep an eye on things, too. As I was saying, Ferguson found this pretty thing hanging on a pike of his lordship's high gate and naturally came to the conclusion that something fishy was up. It looked as though some one in jumping over the

fence in a furious hurry had caught the spike between the ring and the finger, and that either the finger had been torn off then or, in trying to escape from the awful suffering caused by being suspended in the air in this way, the person had hacked it off—there you can see for yourself. Well, Ferguson examined the premises; it was as he thought—the caretaker was found dead in the pantry in the servants' quarters and much of the plate—I recall particularly a very beautiful salt cellar made in the form of the family crest was taken. There was no clue, except this finger; none of the neighbors had noticed anything wrong and the caretaker had been dead a long time; it was, as we say, a 'cold clue.' Do you want to know how we caught the right man? Well, we just simply took that dead finger there; I helped in the operation and took a finger-print impression of it with lamp black. We then ran through our files, and sure enough we found the same identical finger-prints of our man right over in that case there—he was an old offender and we had complete descriptions of him on file. It wasn't more than half an hour after we found the caretaker's body that we had complete descriptions of the murderer in the hands of our inspectors. Two weeks later they found him down in Sussex; he was wearing gloves, and had on a pretty good imitation finger—but we got him, oh, we got him all right.

"That other finger there; that's just a joke around here, but it caused quite a stir for a while. A servant girl found it on the carpet of a South-end apartment; we thought there was another bad case, but it just turned out that a little dog belonging to the lady of the house had been to a market where a butcher had had an accident and the dog had brought it home; that's one of the standing jokes of the Yard—pretty good joke on us, I reckon. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" I echoed in a pretty sickly attempt to be enthusiastic and amused, for these displays made me feel pretty weak.

"Do you know," continued Morton, "some of these rotters will go an awful way to keep from being hauled up as old offenders; it always goes harder with them a second time. Do you see that picture there; well, that's an actual photograph of a prisoner's hand after he tried to destroy the finger-markings. All he had in his cell to do it with was a couple of small steel ends to his boot laces, but you can see he tore most of the flesh from his fingers. That didn't help him at all, for we just watched him until his fingers got well, then took the impressions and punished our man for a much worse crime that was waiting for him; you would think that when the skin grows back the marking would be different, but it never is. One of our inspectors has photographs of his hands with thirty years between the takings, and the markings are just the same. We have any number of interesting cases where criminals have left their marks, as in the Deptford murders and the Strachan brothers; in one case in breaking a strong box the telltale mark was left on the cover, and in the other the criminal made the mistake of using a candle. Here is the candle," said Morton, fishing it out from its nest amid objects of horror. "This candle looks smooth and plain, doesn't it? Now, watch this."

So saying, he gentle sprinkled a little lamp-black on the candle, polished it over with a fine brush, and there in the wax was the clear print of a man's thumb. "There," continued Morton, "that's the thumb-mark that brought one man to the gallows. Of course convictions are not made on thumb-marks alone, but we used that mark in tracing our man, and after we got him other evidence was found to fasten the crime on him. Oh, we got him all right, all right."

After this we went down into the subterranean vaults of the old building amid musty reports, and by the light of a fitful gasjet pried open one or two of the boxes there. Inside I could see jimmies, dark-lanterns, skeleton keys, long implements for forcing doors, great masses of tools used by those who plied their evil trade for ages in the ancient city of London; these specimens are relegated to darkness, their place being now used for an instruction for the police.

Ascending the stairs, we entered the telegraph room, where instantaneous reports of any crime are telegraphed to Scotland Yard and maps immediately made of the spot where the crime was committed. There, too, the inspectors are put on the trail.

As we left the telegraph room a messenger handed Morton a sealed envelope.

"Come and help me," said Morton; "here are the finger-prints of a man who has just stolen a bicycle at Tunbridge Wells; let's see if he is an old offender."

And so, working with the experts in the finger-print room, I helped sift through the one thousand and twenty-five preliminary classifications and presently, checked and followed in my every step by the other members of the force who directed me, I discovered the exact duplicate of the finger-print. Referring to Case 24, I presently had the full description of

LUDWIG GRUBER,

Convicted in Ipswich, 18th April, 1908, of stealing a plumber's outfit and appurtenances thereto.

I also had his photograph and Bertillon measurements. These I slipped into an official envelope and dispatched the whole to the police force of Tunbridge Wells. Then I realized what I had done—I had actually acted as a detective in Scotland Yard—I myself, a professor turned sleuth. Shades of Sherlock Holmes!

Sang Loo

By MYRA S. BARTON

ABOUT two years ago the attention of the police was called to the fact that an unusually large number of "unknown persons found drowned" were reported.

In but few cases were any evidences of antemortem injury found on the bodies of the "floaters," but there was a mystery surrounding the sudden increase in the number of these cases.

The suspicions of the authorities were aroused, and the police took the matter in hand.

In a city like Chicago it is difficult to trace even a single man who mysteriously disappears. In some cases of "found drowned" the victim was fully identified, but in no case could it be positively decided whether there had been foul play or suicide at the bottom of the matter.

Detective Ed Walsh reflected a good deal upon the matter, and it occurred to him that if, as he suspected, the persons found dead had met with foul play before they were cast into the water, they might have been drugged.

He consulted a medical expert connected with the department, and it was agreed that when the next body was found without any evidence on it, he would make a critical post-mortem examination. Such a minute examination required great skill and considerable expense, involving chemical analysis and many experiments.

Within a week after Walsh's consultation with the medical expert a body was found in the river.

There was no external evidence of violence.

The body was that of a middle-aged and well-dressed man, but there were no valuables on his person, and no evidence whereby he could be identified. A description of the unknown man was published, and the body exposed, as usual, in the morgue for identification.

Meanwhile the medical expert began his investigation.

Day by day he continued his work. An analysis of the stomach failed to reveal any trace of poison; but although he kept the secret from Walsh until he had exhausted his skill and was sure he was right, the very first day he solved the mystery of the dead man's taking off. When all was done he called at headquarters.

"The unknown found drowned was killed by opium," he said to Walsh when he found him.

"How do you prove that, doctor?" Ed asked.

"I will tell you. When a poisonous dose is taken, the diagnostic symptom is a contraction of the pupils of the eyes. Should the dose be large enough to cause death, the contraction of the pupils may be almost complete and permanent. That is the present case."

"Could this condition have been produced from smoking opium, or must it have been taken into the system in another way?" Walsh asked, now deeply interested.

"It could have been produced from smoking an inordinate quantity of the drug, or by a less quantity if the drug used was the pure and powerful unadulterated gum from Southern Persia, which is seldom found in the shops," replied the doctor.

He then went on to give the detective a description of the appearance of an opium slave. So vivid was his picture of the appearance of the complexion of a victim of the terrible habit that Ed felt sure he could recognize it if he met a case.

He said nothing regarding a strange suspicion that had occurred to him. As he reflected that there were undoubtedly in the city a large number of Chinese opium-smoking dens concealed under the mask of laundries, and that the opium habit was more prevalent than is generally supposed, he felt more than half convinced that many of the mysterious cases of "found drowned" went to their deaths through these dens.

That very day as Walsh was on his way to dinner he was accosted by a pale-faced young woman, whose appearance riveted his attention.

She was selling flowers, and as she presented her basket, and Ed's eyes dwelt upon her face, he was certain that in her he beheld a victim of the deadly drug.

The officer purchased a button-hole bouquet, and when she turned away he watched her. Indeed, he followed her in a stealthy way, and she did not evade his secret espionage until he saw her enter a Chinese laundry on Clark street.

Walsh at once made up his mind that before the sun of another day arose he would see the inside of an opium den. He had heard it whispered in police circles that the very Chinese laundry in which the flower-girl disappeared was suspected of being a joint.

When he reached his office he found a young lady waiting for him.

At a glance he saw she was from the country, as there was a certain air of rustic simplicity about her that could scarcely be mistaken.

"My name is Jenny H. James, sir," she said, "and I am from Michigan. I came to this city in search of my father, who was a small country merchant. He came to this city with a considerable sum of money, with which to purchase goods. He overstayed his time, and we became alarmed. Yesterday I read the description of an unknown man found drowned in a Chicago daily paper, and the description was that of my father."

When she had proceeded thus far, the girl burst

into tears. As soon as she composed her feelings, she continued:

"Upon my arrival here I proceeded to the morgue, and there my worst fears were fully realized. The man described in the newspapers really was my father. He has been murdered and robbed, and mother and I are left almost penniless! I have come to ask you to find my father's murderer, and recover his money. You are a detective. I beg of you to do this, and God will reward you. I would gladly pay if you find the murderer; but my father had all our money with him."

She seemed to have perfect faith in Walsh's power to do all she asked, and he was interested by her simple faith and deep distress.

"I will do all in my power to find your father's money, and also his assassins," Ed assured her. "But we detectives are only mortals, and God has not given the most skillful of us the power of rending the dark veils that hide all crimes."

"I hope you will succeed, and for myself and my widowed mother I thank you," replied the girl fervently.

"I sincerely hope so," was the detective's answer. "Pardon the question, but was your father addicted to the use of opium?"

"He was," she replied. "It was his one vice, and he could not live without the awful drug. He contracted the habit while suffering from malarial neuralgia. The opium was prescribed by a physician."

Walsh felt that he held a clue to Mr. Hames' murder. That night, in disguise, he visited the store of Sang Loo—such was the name of the Chinaman who ostensibly ran a laundry in the South Clark street basement which the detective had seen the flower-girl enter.

Walsh found a hideous old Chinaman, who was, as he soon found out, Sang Loo himself, and two other Celestials present.

There was no evidence of the fatal pipe about, but when Walsh displayed some money and said he wanted to hit the pipe he was conducted to an interior room.

There all the paraphernalia of an opium den was in evidence, consisting of the pipe, the lamp, the divan upon which the smoker reclines, and a jar of Chinese opium.

Walsh took his place upon a divan, and while one of the Chinamen lit the dope, the others jabbered.

Just before Walsh entered the den he had taken an enormous dose of a preparation furnished by his medical friend, which would so counteract the effect of the drug that he might smoke with impunity as much as was necessary in order to penetrate all the hidden mysteries of the joint.

Walsh played his part well, and when he was pretty well gone, to all appearances, he saw Sang Loo take a dark mass from a jar he had hidden under the divan and apply it to the pipe.

The detective had no doubt this was the concentrated opium intended to kill. But he smoked, although the stuff made his brain reel.

Finally he feigned insensibility, and felt himself dragged from the bunk into another apartment. Here all Walsh's valuables, and everything that could possibly assist in his identification, were removed from his person, then he was left alone.

The detective arose silently, and found himself in a small underground apartment, door secured, and no way to escape.

He had a revolver cunningly concealed in one of his boots, and the opium fiend had not discovered it, so that, if it came to the worst, he could fight for his life. It was his purpose to play the game, and find out if the victims of the fiend were consigned to the water.

A moment later Walsh heard a light footstep, and sank back upon the floor. The flower-girl entered and closed the door.

Then Walsh heard her say to him:

"Hello, in there."

"Well," asked the detective, "who are you?"

"Another victim! If I only dared leave this accursed den! But I am friendless, and the Chinamen would find and murder me. As long as I decoy strangers here I am given food and clothing. When I am myself nothing could tempt me to lure people to this den, but when the drug is in my brain I am reckless. I wish I could save you, but I cannot."

A moment later she glided away.

Not long after that Sang Loo crept into the room. In his hand he had a large knife. Did he mean to make sure of Ed's death. Had his suspicions been aroused that all was not right? These thoughts flashed through the officer's brain, but the Chinaman passed by, and prying up a board in the floor with his knife, he took some money from a bag concealed there, and withdrew. Half an hour later he came in again accompanied by two Chinamen.

Walsh was placed in a large basket, and a mass of rags thrown over him.

Then he was carried into the street, the basket was deposited in a hand-cart, and Sang Loo and one of his companions trundled him away toward the lake.

Presently they reached the water-side, and the Chinamen came to a halt and picked up the detective to throw him into the water, when he suddenly leaped up, and with two quick blows from the butt of his pistol he downed the opium fiends. To handcuff them was the work of a moment; then he marched them to the station.

That night the police raided Sang Loo's den and captured the other Chinaman. A considerable sum of money, and a pocket-book containing the money Mr. Hames had in his possession when he left home, minus a few dollars, was found.

Jennie Hames identified it and it was restored to her.

Sang Loo suicided in jail, and his two accomplices were sent to State prison.

The flower-girl's evidence served to convict them. She was allowed to turn State's evidence, but was sent to the House of Correction, in the hope that she might be cured of the drug habit that wrecked her life.

From the girl's statements it seemed that she was a friendless orphan whom Sang Loo had picked up in Baltimore.

From her evidence the court was convinced that at least a large percentage of the persons who had been found drowned were robbed and killed by the Chinamen.

Walsh had the headache for a week as the result of his experience with the pipe and the antidote combined. He then stated he would never go through such an experience again.

DEFIES BIG MEN TO LIFT HER

MME. KOMAKO KIMURA of Tokio won the applause of an audience the other night in the Anderson Galleries, Park avenue and 59th street, New York, by feats that puzzled a lay committee that went to the stage to watch her.

Count Tolstoy, Dr. G. A. Gayer and Count Markoe, each robust, found her ninety pounds only normal weight when she willed it so, but each strained himself in vain to life her when she stood on tiptoe to lay a finger on his neck, thus matching with her tiny figure the performance of Johnnie Coulon, who was the season's sensation in Paris, when he resisted the efforts of strong men there to lift him. Attempts to lift Mme. Kimura failed equally when she stood with her back to the big men and did not touch their necks.

Next the smiling little Japanese woman matched her skill against the strength of the same men by inviting them to lower a stick, which she held across her open palms, by bearing their weight on it while firmly grasping it. They grew red in the face, but could not press the stick downward.

Her most puzzling feat involved the help of her husband, Prof. Hideo Kimura. Seated in a chair in apparent meditation for a moment or two, she slowly raised a bared arm, into which the professor thrust a needle for its full length of about three inches. The thrust drew no blood and Mme. Kamura said she felt no sensation of pain. Edward Markham, poet; John Reilly, attorney; Dr. W. H. Bates and Count Markoe examined the arm while the needle was in it and assured the audience that there was no stain of blood.

The appearance of Prof. and Mrs. Kimura was supplementary to a lecture on "What Are Ghosts?" by Dr. Hereward Carrington, which had brought an audience curious about spooks and hoping for a look-in on the sprit world. Dr. Carrington talked entertainingly of phantoms, hallucinations and haunted houses, but produced no spirits.

READING THE BIBLE

"DID you ever figure out how long it would take you to read the Bible?" asked an observant man. "Well, you would be surprised to know in what a short space of time you could finish the last chapter of the Holy Book. Of course there are men and women who read without knowing anything about what they read. They are the class of persons who never get lasting impressions from the book. They may pick out one or two chapters, but when it comes to the various phases of the story, they do not remember it. This is due largely to a sort of unconscious bias which the reader shows for one character or another, or to an abnormal sympathy for some of the silent actors in the plot. But there are persons on the other hand who read critically, and who can talk about the book they have read when they come to lay it aside. Readers of this latter kind will be considered in the calculation which follows:

"There are in the Old and New Testaments combined a total of 66 books, containing 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, and a total of 773,692 words, approximately. The Old Testament contains 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, and approximately 592,239 words, while in the New Testament there are 27 books, 260 chapters, 7,959 verses, and 181,253 words, approximately. Adding these together, we get the total given. How long will it take a person to read the Old Testament with its 592,239 words, or the 181,253 words of the New Testament? How long to read the 773,692 words of both? A man can read understandingly 100 words every minute. By hurrying, man can read 160 words, or probably more. I will assume that a man can read critically, that is, carefully and understandingly, at least 60 words a minute. That is slow reading, being only 3,600 words an hour. Suppose a man should devote an hour a day to the Bible.

"At this rate, he would read 108,000 words in thirty days, or in a month's time. At this rate, he would read the Old Testament in less than two months. The whole Bible could be read in less than eight months by devoting simply one hour to it each day. Yet there are few persons outside of students who claim to have read the Bible from lid to lid. Which argues that the age is strangely perverse."

Driven Far Inshore By Earthquake

A UNITED STATES man-of-war was carried on the crest of a tidal wave three miles up the coast two miles inland and set down, entirely unharmed, upon the beach, within a hundred feet of the Andes," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

This thrilling incident is recounted in a communication to the society by one of the participants, Rear Admiral L. G. Billings, U. S. N., retired, as follows:

"In 1868 I was attached to the U. S. S. *Wateree*, then on duty in the South Pacific—one of a class of boats built at the close of the Civil War to ascertain the narrow, tortuous rivers of the South; she was termed a 'double-ender,' having a rudder at each end, and was quite flat-bottomed—a conformation which, while it did not add to her seaworthiness, enabled her to carry a large battery and crew, and eventually saved our lives in the catastrophe which was soon to come upon us.

"August, 1868, found us quietly at anchor off the pretty Peruvian town of Arica, whither we had towed the old United States storeship, 'Fredonia,' to escape the ravages of yellow fever, then desolating Callao and Lima.

"There lurked the ever-present fear in the natives' mind of another earthquake, for Arica seemed a sort of 'head center' for such seismic disturbances, having been twice before destroyed, with great loss of life.

"While the anchorage at Arica was an open roadstead of almost unlimited extent, it was partly protected from the prevailing winds by Alacran Island, small and apparently a lump of rock broken off from the Morro by some prior convulsion. All the merchantmen were clustered rather closely under the lee of this island, near the Morro, maybe a quarter of a mile from the usual man-of-war anchorage, and about the same distance from the shore. The men-of-war anchored more abreast of the town and possibly half a mile distant.

"It was August 8 that the awful calamity came upon us, like a storm from a cloudless sky, overwhelming us all in one common ruin.

"I was sitting in the cabin with our commanding officer, about 4 P. M., when we were startled by a violent trembling of the ship, similar to the effect produced by letting go the anchor. Knowing it could not be that, we ran on deck. Looking shoreward, our attention was instantly arrested by a great cloud of dust rapidly approaching from the southeast, while a terrible rumbling grew in intensity, and before our astonished eyes the hills seemed to nod, and the ground swayed like the short, choppy waves of a troubled sea.

"The cloud enveloped Arica. Instantly through its impenetrable veil arose cries for help, the crash of falling houses, and the thousand commingled noises of a great calamity, while the ship was shaken as if grasped by a giant hand; then the cloud passed on.

"As the dust slowly settled we rubbed our eyes and looked again and again, believing they must be playing us a trick; for where but a few short moments before was a happy, prosperous city, busy with life and activity, we beheld but a mass of shattered ruins, hardly a house left standing; not one perfect, the streets blocked with debris through which struggled frantically the least wounded of the unhappy wretches imprisoned in the ruins of our once happy homes; while groans, cries and shrieks for help rent the air.

"Our prudent commander, however, gave the necessary orders to prepare for the worst. Additional anchors were let go, hatches battened down, guns secured, life lines rove fore and aft, and for a few moments all was the orderly confusion of a well-disciplined man-of-war preparing for action. Many hands made short work, and in a few moments we were prepared for any emergency.

"But our troubles then commenced. We were startled by a terrible noise on shore, as of a tremendous roar of musketry, lasting several minutes. Again the trembling earth waved to and fro, and this time the sea receded until the shipping was left stranded, while as far to seaward as our vision could reach we saw the rocky bottom of the sea, never before exposed to human gaze, with struggling fish and monsters of the deep left high and dry. The round-bottomed ships keeled over on their beam ends, while the *Wateree* rested easily on her floor-like bottom; and when the returning sea, not like a wave, but rather an enormous tide, came sweeping back, rolling our unfortunate companion ships over and over, leaving some bottom up and others masses of wreckage, the *Wateree* rose easily over the tossing waves, unharmed.

"From this moment the sea seemed to defy the laws of nature. Currents ran in contrary directions, and we were borne here and there with a speed we could not have equaled had we been stearing for our lives. At irregular intervals the earthquake shocks recurred, but none of them so violent or long-continued as the first.

"The Peruvian man-of-war *America*, said to be the fastest ship in the world at that time, had hastily gotten up steam and attempted to get to sea. She was well out when the receding water left her partly afloat and broke her back, of course destroying her engines. With her funnels still vomiting black smoke and apparently under full command of her people, she backed down toward the helpless *Fredonia'* which was then rapidly setting in toward the Morro, as if intending to help her.

"Lieut.-Commander Dyer, commanding the Fredonia, saw the maneuver, and, thinking the *America* was coming to their aid, and that a nearer approach would only involve them both in destruction, ran on the poop and hailed the approaching ship, then but a few yards distant: '*America*, ahoy! You can do nothing for us; our bottom is crushed. Save yourselves. Good-by.' Then down to his station among his silent, unshrinking crew he ran again. The next moment the *Fredonia* was crushed, and of that ill-fated company not one was saved, while a counter-current catching the Peruvian ship drove her rapidly in another direction.

"About 8:30 p. m. the lookout hailed the deck and reported a breaker approaching. Looking seaward, we saw, first, a thin line of phosphorescent light, which loomed higher and higher until it seemed to touch the sky; its crest, crowned with the death light of phosphorescent glow, showing the sullen masses of water below. Heralded by the thundering roar of a thousand breakers combined, the dreaded tidal wave was upon us at last. Of all the horrors of this dreadful time, this seemed the worst. Chained to the spot, helpless to escape, with all the preparations made which human skill could suggest, we could but watch the monster wave approach without the sustaining help of action. That the ship could ride through the masses of water about to overwhelm us seemed impossible. We could only grip the life line and wait the coming disaster.

"With a crash our gallant ship was overwhelmed and buried deep beneath a semi-sclid mass of sand and water. For a breathless eternity we were submerged; then, groaning in every timber, the staunch old *Wuteree* struggled again to the surface, with her gasping crew still clinging to the life lines—some few seriously wounded, bruised and battered; none killed; not one even missing. A miracle it seemed to us then, and as I look back through the years it seems doubly miraculous now.

"The morning sun broke on a scene of desolation seldom witnessed. We found ourselves high and dry in a little cove, or rather indentation, in the coast line. We had been carried some three miles up the coast and nearly two miles inland. The wave had carried us over the sand dunes bordering the ocean, across a valley, and over the railroad track, leaving us at the foot of the sea coast range of the Andes. On the nearly perpendicular front of the mountain our navigator discovered the marks of the tidal wave, and, by measurements, found it to have been forty-seven feet high, not including the comb. Had the wave carried us 200 feet further, we would inevitably have been dashed to pieces against the mountain-side.

TRACKING SNAKES

WHEN the Australian aborigine or black fellow is pushed and can find no other game, he catches lizards, snakes, iguanas, and kangaroo rats, the wiliest and most agile of all wild animals on their own ground, and amid surroundings favorable of a superior wild animal.

With those wonderful brown eyes of his, he can see the faintest trail where a snake had zigzagged through the dry moss and leaves, or the slightest footmark where an iguana had fled from his approach to its refuge in a hollow tree. When daylight fails him, and the dews of evening begin to fall, his broad nostrils take up the chase, and stooping down among the bushes, with a tough forked stick in his hands to support him in his tiring attitude, he follows the track as unerringly as any bloodhound.

When he runs a snake to earth, if he cannot surprise it in the open and kill it by a sudden blow of his stick, he squats over its hole, holding the forked end of his stick downward, and makes a low hissing or whistling sound with his lips.

Soon the snake puts his head out of the hole and peers around. In an instant the forked stick descends and fixes it to the ground by the neck, and the black fellow, seizing it firmly with his muscular hands just behind the head, so that it cannot bite him, drags it out of the hole, and twists its head off; or, if it is too strong for that, pounds it on the ground till its back is broken.

So with the iguanas and all the other animals. The black fellow never loses their trail when once he gets upon it, and, having followed them to their lair, he patiently awaits until they come out, or until he is able to get a hand in and pull them out.

The black fellows declare, and probably with truth, that not a single animal can escape them, if they have time to hunt a piece of desert country thoroughly. When they want to return to camp, they can follow their own trail by sight with the greatest ease, but they say they cannot follow their own trail by scent at all. It has no scent for them, though another man's has strong scent.

This is one of the most curious facts connected with these strange people; but it is only in accord with well-known natural phenomena.

Current News

GERMANY BEDEVILED BY OCCULTISM.

An unprecedented wave of occultism is sweeping Germany. Card readers, mediums, astrologers and all the motley crew are opening up everywhere and are doing a land-office business. Large numbers of pseudo-scientific societies to study spiritualism, astrology and other phases of occultism are being organized.

RUSH FOR LEGENDARY GOLD.

Revival of a legend that in the War of 1812 a large quantity of gold coin was buried under what is now Victoria Lawn Cemetery, a new annex to St. Catharine, Ont., which is to be cleaned up for building, has started a stampede of "laborers" for the clean-up job. However, up to to-day no gold has been found.

According to the legend a British paymaster buried the gold there, and, being suddenly called to meet an attack of Americans on the border, carved his initials on a tree to mark the place. He is said to have been killed in the battle.

BEAT FORD TIME CLOCKS.

Said to have cashed employees' checks simultaneously under five or six different names, Mack Ilczuk, no address, was arrested recently on complaint of the Ford Motor Company.

Since December, 1917, Ilczuk has fraudulently obtained between $6,000 and $7,000, it was charged. Ilczuk, according to the complaint, spent his time walking from department to department punching every clock that came within range and making the rounds on pay day, where he collected a week's salary in each department.

Ilczuk was never registered as working in less than two departments simultaneously and sometimes he was punching clocks in four different departments, according to Ford officials.

HAIR BALL IN STOMACH

The serious consequences of a bad childish habit is related in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

Whitemore reports the case of a girl, aged thirteen years, who entered the hospital with a diagnosis of acute appendicitis. For a year or more she had been in the habit of pulling hair from her head, winding it about her finger and then sucking her finger. One year ago she began to have periodic attacks of pain in her stomach every two or three months, lasting a week. Between attacks there had been almost constant pain in her stomach, which was worse when she moved about and disappeared when she lay down. At operation a large, hard mass, which was somewhat movable, was felt inside the stomach. A hair-ball, about the size and shape of the inside of the stomach, weighing 212 gm. (about 7 ounces), was removed.

NEW COUNTERFEIT FOUND.

Another counterfeit ten-dollar bill has been discovered by the Treasury Department. This one is drawn on the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta, bearing check letter "4," face plate No. 63, back plate No. 256, signed by Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury; John Burke, Treasurer of the United States, and with a portrait of Jackson.

The counterfeit is printed from photo-engraved plates of fair workmanship on a single piece of heavy paper, without any attempt to imitate the silk fibre of the genuine. The number of the specimen at hand is F9947764A. According to the Federal Reserve circular this counterfeit will deceive the careless handler of money.

BOOTLEGGERS SELL DRINKS IN CIGARS.

Human bars are frequenting the Great White Way, New York. They are ready to serve you with any kind of a drink you desire. Invention at last circumvented the police and dry agents.

So far none of these human bars has been arrested. They carry about with them in their pockets an assortment of drinks in a manner that defies detection. All you need to get your favorite concoction is to have the price.

Bottles and glasses are not used. The receptacle is in the shape of a large cigar. The lighting end of it can be opened.

These bootleggers carry dozens of these "cigars," infesting the theatrical district, where they dispose of their liquor filled "smokes" at an average of a dollar a drink.

PAYS DEBTS ALTHOUGH DEAD.

By leaving $300,000 in life insurance, Joseph Kaighn, president of the Moorestown, N. J., Trust Company, who committed suicide, probably has saved estates he managed and friends who indorsed his notes from financial ruin. The insurance was left to Kaighn's aged mother, who wants it used to protect those who trusted him.

As Kaighn's stock market losses reached the $200,000 mark he added to his life insurance. The policies were all more than a year old, so the suicide clause was no longer in force.

It developed that last October Kaighn was in financial condition to repay all shortages. He had put $100,000 into the stock market, and this had more than doubled itself. But the temptation to have one more "fling" in the market apparently was too strong.

RESEMBLE MAN.

The gorilla and chimpanzee, which belong to the higher order of apes, have many points of resemblance to man, but there is one thing they cannot do—that is, twiddle their thumbs. In the gorilla the thumb is short and does not reach much beyond the bottom of the first point of the forefinger. It is very much restricted in its movements, and the animal can neither twiddle his thumbs nor turn them around so that the tips describe a circle. There are the same number of bones in the hand of a gorilla as in the hand of a man, but the thumbs of the monkey have no separate flexor or bending muscle. This is why a monkey always keeps the thumb on the same side as the fingers and never bends it around any object that may be grasped. In the gorilla the web between the fingers extends to the second joint, the fingers taper to the tips, and there is a calosity on the knuckles on which the animal rests when walking on all fours.

LOST PENNIES.

That Americans are careless about their small change is evidenced by the fact that of the 150,000,000 pennies annually sent out from the Philadelphia mint only a small percentage are ever accounted for afterward.

It is thought that but a very small percentage of pennies lost in the streets are ever found, since they lack luster and fail to catch the eye as does a silver coin. The chances are that they are swept up with rubbish and so, for the most part, lost as coins.

When the new Lincoln pennies were first placed in circulation, thousands were used as souvenirs, never again to find their way into general circulation. Hundreds were gold plated and silvered to be used as cuff links and stick pins.

Country fairs and shows of various kinds mutilate thousands of pennies every year. At the fairs one may see a machine that will flatten a cent and at the same time emboss a souvenir view of the event.

Hundreds of thousands of pennies are carried out of the United States by tourists, who leave them abroad. A year or two ago one hundred thousand of them were shipped to Cuban bankers and placed in circulation among the laboring classes in Cuba. The American copper runs a close second to the pin, of which millions are lost every year.

PETROLEUM ROADS.

California was the first state to make use of crude petroleum for surfacing roads. The experiment was first tried in 1898, when six miles of very dusty road were oiled under the direction of the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County. The original motive was to lay the dust, which had become a serious hindrance to travel and had made life a burden to all those dwellings along the highway. There are now at least twenty-five counties in California which have used crude petroleum upon their roads. From the Mexican border of San Diego County to Butte County, about five hundred miles to the north in a straight line, in soils of various consistencies and through the regions of widely different climatic conditions, mineral oil has been used upon the country roads and city streets until there are, it is estimated, more than nine hundred and fifty miles of oiled road a distance of thirty miles, while used upon the driveways in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The mountain stage road into Yosemite National Park has been oiled for a distance of thirty miles, while in San Bernardino County, running south from the railroad track in the town of Chino, is a piece of oiled road which every season nearly forty thousand tons of beets are hauled over on their way to the factory, often averaging seven hundred and fifty tons a day. The foundation of this road is a loose sand, and before oil was applied, loaded wagons were often stalled and had to be dug out. The road was surfaced with a material containing clay.

BOY OF 14 A MENTAL MARVEL.

John Huston, of Phoenix, Ariz., fourteen years old and bed-ridden, has been pronounced by high medical authorities as possessing the most remarkable mentality they have known in any child. At the age of three years and seven months John delivered an address at the dedication exercises of the Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, reciting fifty-one verses on the War of '76. His oration was distinctly heard by the 10,000 persons in the audience. Aside from this, he has taken prominent parts in numerous functions and gatherings, among them national encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In the Grand Army of the Republic John ranks as brigadier general, an honor bestowed by that organization. He also has a huge American flag presented to him by the Spanish-Amenica War Veterans.

In his mother's home he has installed a powerful wireless apparatus. He supervised all of this work. Some of its parts are of his own manufacture. A United States government license posted recognizes John as an amateur wireless telegrapher.

During his "listening in" periods young Huston has picked up messages or parts of them from stations as far away as Nauen, Germany, and he daily hears Mexico City.

Only recently John's mother telephoned in to the office of the Arizona Gazette, inquiring if that paper had a report of a "bad wreck near Pueblo, Col." A Pullman had burned, she said, on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, with a heavy loss of life. The Associated Press leased wire only a few minutes before had brought in the story almost as John had heard it through his set from a distance of approximately 1,200 miles.

FOUNTAIN PENS USED OVER 300 YEARS AGO.

A reference to fountain pens in an advertisement published in 1788 is quoted in a new Entymological Dictionary of Modern English.

Surprise is expressed that this form of writing implement was known so many years ago. But there must have been fountain pens nearly two centuries before 1788, for E. S. Bate, in his "Touring in 1600," shows that travelers wrote with them at that time. By the middle of the eighteenth century they had come to be called by their present name.

A Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, published 1754, defines "fountain pen" as "a pen made of silver, brass, etc., contrived to contain a considerable quantity of ink, and let it flow out by gentle degrees. To use the pen the cover must be taken off and the pen a little shaken to make the ink run more freely."

British patents were obtained for fountain pens in 1809, one being granted to Joseph Bramah, of lock fame, and another to F. B. Folsch for a stylographic as well as a fountain pen.

STRANGE DOCUMENTS

"To my sister-in-law, I bequeath four old stockings which are under my bed to the right." So runs an item in the will of the famous old miser Tolam. "To my nephew, Tarles, two more old stockings; to Lieut. John Stone, a blue stocking and my red clock; to my cousin, an old boot, and a red flannel pocket; to Hammick, my jug without a handle."

According to this, anybody can write a will, for the poorest of us have old stockings. In the story of Tolam, however, Hammick kicked over the jug and found it to be full of gold pieces. The old stockings were crammed in a similar way.

There is the famous clause in Shakespeare's will reading: "I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture, and nothing else."

While talking of beds the story of that bed-loving justice of peace had better be related. It is timely, too, for only the other day a cable despatch chronicled the tale of a Londoner who had spent the last twelve years in bed, whose bones had become so brittle from inaction that it was dangerous for him to walk. This official was wont to pass justice while sprawled in bed until the community "gave him the air," as the expression goes. His will provided that he be buried in bed, and in accordance a great pit was dug, and he, snugly ensconced in his feathers and pillow, was lowered into it. Boards were placed over the bed so that the falling earth would not disturb his slumber.

The will of one Henry Green, dated Dec. 22, 1679, "in which he gave to his sister, Catharine Green, all his lands, and after her decease to others in trust, upon condition that she should give four green waistcoats to four poor women in a green old age every year, such green waistcoats to be lined with green galoon lace and to be delivered to the poor women on Dec. 21 so that they might be worn on Christmas day."

Legion are the legacies that have been left to animals. The sumptuous pet cemetery in New Jersey is an example of such a testament. In 1825 the Count de Mirandole left a legacy to his favorite carp, ordering that it be nourished for twenty years. Even earlier a French peasant wrote: "I declare my chestnut horse sole legatee."

Three years after the death of the Count English papers printed a will reading as follows: "I leave to my monkey, my dear amusing Jackoo, the sum of ten pounds sterling, to be enjoyed by him during his life; it is to be expended solely for his keep. I leave to my sterling dog, Shock, and to my beloved cat, Tib, five pounds sterling apiece as yearly pension." An even larger sum is recorded left by a man whose life had been saved by dogs. The will of a French woman reads in part:

"I pray Mademoiselle Bluteau, my sister, and Madame Cologne, my niece, to take care of my cats. Whilst these two live they shall have thirty sous a month, that they may be well fed. They must have twice a day meat soup of the quality served upon the table; but they must be given it separately, each having its own saucer. The bread must not be crumbled in the soup, but cut into pieces about the size of hazelnuts, or they cannot eat it."

According to a Mohammedan tradition there is a will of Adam in existence. The tradition asserts that no fewer than "seventy legions of angels brought him sheets of paper and quill pens, nicely nibbed, all the way from paradise, and that the Archangel Gabriel set to it his seal as witness." It is estimated by commentators that 420,000 sheets of paper were brought down on which Adam could write his bequests. Noah is also said to have made a will, in which he divided his property, the earth, into three equal shares, one for each son.

The papers almost every day present some curious examples of will making, and the surrogate's office hides many an engrossing document.

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TAKE NOTICE!

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. Here are the latest numbers:

NO.

35 "The Clue in the Box,' by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trailed by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieutenant Robert W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by Charles F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign of the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps" by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura Reid Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by Beulah Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by Ethel Rosemon.
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by William Hamilton Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by Caroline Bingold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by Chas. F. Oursler.
64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
66 "The Clue in the Dark Room," by Hamilton Craigie.
67 "The Tongue of Osiris," by Marc Edmund Jones.
68 "Detective Wade's Big Case," by Ethel Rosemon.
69 "The Spirit Bell," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
71 "The Admiral's Spoons," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
72 "The Canine Clue," by Thos. J. Lally.
73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Andreen.
74 "The Wonder Girl," by Ralph Cummins.
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82 "Who Killed McNally?" by Beulah Poynter.
83 "The Clue of the Whorl," by Katherine Stagg.
84 "The 'Czar' and the Ring," by Edmund Elliot.
85 "A Clue of Flame," by Jack Bechdolt.
86 "The Face in the Crowd," by Marc Edmund Jones.
87 "The Man in Room No. 7," by Chas. F. Oursler

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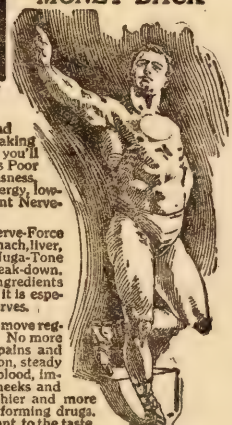

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SNOW SHOES

Snow shoes, which proved such important instruments in the recent rescue of the American naval balloonists from the snow-bound wilds of Canada, are little known except in most general terms outside the localities where they are commonly used. Still, to make them is a fine art and to use them is an accomplishment. Walking on snow-shoes is learning to walk all over again, says a bulletin on the subject by the American Forestry Association.

The snowshoe, with its broad, latticed, rawhide bottom, is serviceable in walking over soft snow. The wearer does not expect to develop much speed. That is where, when snowstorms such as beset the navy's men, the snowshoes play a big part. Northern hunters make their own snowshoes with hatchet and knife, and if leather thongs were not at hand, the lattice soles could be woven of basswood bark, which can be stripped in winter as well as in summer.

Milk strippings from a healthy cow, drunk regularly as a beverage, are said to be fattening and a remedy for consumption in its early stages.

NEW YORK'S GARNET MINES

The principal garnet mines in the United States are in Warren and Essex Counties, in the eastern Adirondacks in northeastern New York. These mines all lie within six or eight miles of the village of North Creek, the terminus of a branch of the Delaware and Hudson. The three mines being worked at present are the Rogers, Sander Bros. and the Hooper. At the Rogers mine the size of the garnets is of unusual interest, says the Engineering and Mining Journal. The matrix is a gray medium-grained nonquartziferous gneiss, through which the numerous, translucent, reddish-brown garnets are well scattered. Those with diameters up to 5 or 6 inches are common and the largest taken out are said to be the size of a bushel basket. The remarkable feature is the never-failing occurrence of a rim or envelope of pure black, medium grained hornblende crystals completely inclosing each garnet. The reddish-brown garnets completely surrounded by the black hornblende rims, which are in turn embedded in the gray gneiss, present a striking appearance in the walls of the mine pits.

"END YOUR RHEUMATISM

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"I had suffered agony for years from rheumatism and associated disorders, and Mrs. Reed was tortured with the demon neuritis almost beyond endurance. We had read and talked so much about 'Uric Acid' that our minds seemed poisoned. But the 'Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism' made it all clear to us and now we are both free from the suffering and misery we endured so many years. I believe I was the hardest man in the world to convert! For me to discard the old 'Uric Acid' theory, and what I now know to be absolutely false, for the new, scientific understanding of the causes and cure of rheumatism, was like asking me to change my religious beliefs! But I did change, and it was a fortunate day for me and mine when I did so."

NOTE: "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" referred to above by Pastor Reed lays bare facts about rheumatism and its associated disorders overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past. It is a work that should be in the hands of every man or woman who has the slightest symptoms of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or gout. Any one who sends name and address to H. P. Clearwater, 534 F Street, Hallowell, Maine, will receive it by mail, postage paid, absolutely free. Send now, lest you forget the address! If not a sufferer, cut out the explanation and hand it to some afflicted

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After hair growth

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Photo when bald.

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."

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It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, *alopecia areata* or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users.

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